# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVI.—No. 1853.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1892.

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FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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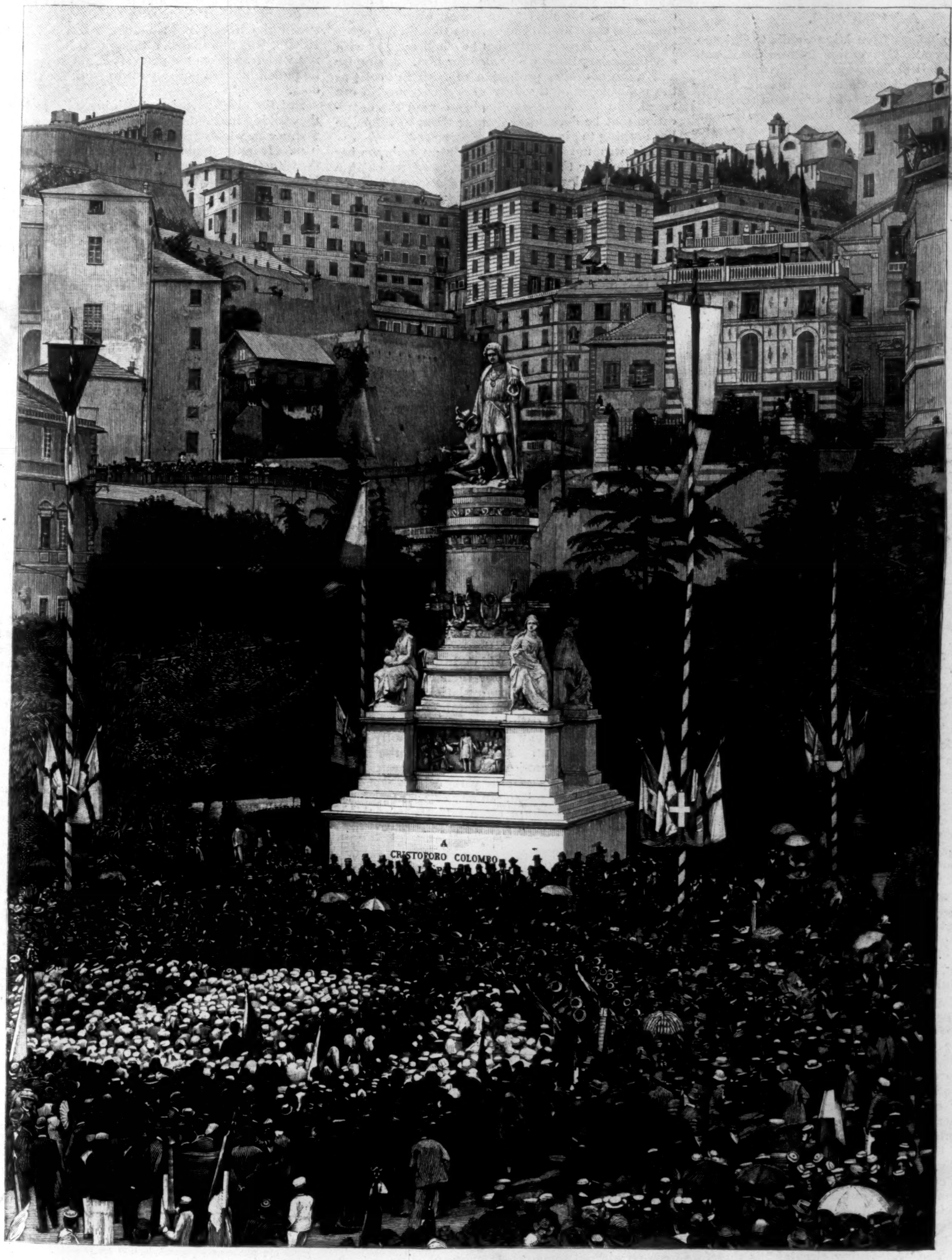

THE COLUMBUS FESTIVAL AT GENOA.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 606.]

PLACING THE BRONZE WREATH AT THE BASE OF THE MONUMENT, MAY 29, 1892.

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NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 25, 1892.

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## AT CHICAGO.

THE scene changes from Minneapolis to Chicago. The Democratic Convention follows the Republican. If the hall at Minneapolis held twelve thousand people, the hall at Chicago will hold twenty thousand. If the applicants for tickets in the smaller city were twenty thousand, in the larger they are one hundred thousand. These are the comparative figures with which the assembling of the second Convention is heralded. It will open as this paper is issued, and the fourth week of June will be as exciting as the second. A Democratic National Convention of to-day represents a very different party from that of thirty and forty years ago. At that time the Convention was dominated by Southern Democrats, arrogant and intolerant slave-masters, who absolutely cowed and controlled the Democrats of the Northern States, who meekly registered the Southern will. The absorbing question was slavery, and the object of the Convention was to serve its interests. With every advancing and aggressive demand there was a feeble protest from some few Northern delegates, which was contemptuously swept aside, and it was this complete Northern pusillanimity both in Democratic and Whig conventions that bred the unutterable scorn with which the Southern masters regarded the people of the free States.

This cowardice on one side and arrogance upon the other made the old Democratic party the mere tool of aggressive slavery, and gave us POLK, PIERCE, and BUCHANAN for Presidents. In 1860, when the political conscience and courage of the North had organized the Republican party, and was about to take possession of the government, the Democratic Convention had sunk so low that a Southern delegate declared the reopening of the African slave-trade to be the sure safeguard of the Union, and shouted in an assembly called a convention of free Americans that he could buy a slave in Africa for fifty dollars who would cost him a thousand in Virginia. That was the final gasp of the old Democratic party. The Convention split, and the party and slavery were utterly overwhelmed together. In '64 the party made a futile effort in its old spirit to stop the war, and in '68 to abandon, so far as practicable, its results. But in '72 it effaced itself by nominating in vain an old antislavery and war Republican, and in '76 it showed signs of a newer spirit by the nomination of a free-soil Democrat of '48.

Since then a new generation has arisen to which the slavery controversy is unknown, and new issues following the removal of the curse from the Southern States now engage the attention and determine the votes of the country. The majority of delegates to the Convention at Chicago have grown up since the old and bitter struggle, and their action must be considered upon its merits, and wholly apart from the traditions of the party, to which no sensible Democrat will ever allude. The chief misfortune with which the party now contends is its name. Parties at the present time, however, despite the new issues, are not organized upon them; but they are adapted to them as cleverly as possible. One declares for tariff reform, the other for protection, but both for a tariff. Both are afraid of the silver question, and both evasively declare for civil service reform. Meanwhile the question of honest administration is to many citizens the really paramount interest. In this situation the personality of the candidates becomes a vital consideration, and independent voters will support the candidate who best represents their general view, and in whose honesty, courage, and constancy they confide. Among the candidates who will be presented at Chicago, Mr. CLEVELAND is the one who would certainly secure the largest vote from independent tariff-reformers, as Mr. HARRISON would be favored by independents who hold to protection. There are, of course, many other considerations which will affect the vote. It is undeniable that a high tariff involves immense political corruption, and with that corruption the Republican party is identified. To secure protection, industrial interests will willingly pay. The "fat-frying circular" is therefore a natural result of a high-tariff campaign, and such a circular is a sign of enormous corruption. This taint of corruption, which the circumstances of the campaign of 1888 deepened, is one of the serious drawbacks of the Republican party as the campaign of 1892 opens.

## SPOILS.

THE most remarkable sentence in the speech of President HARRISON to the congratulating crowd after his nomination was this: "I have felt great regret that I was unable to find a suitable place for every deserving friend; but I have insisted that I did not disparage those I could not appoint to place." This is a most naïve remark from a President, but it shows clearly Mr. HARRISON'S view of public office. It is a reward for his friends. He laments that there were not spoils enough. The qualification for public service is friendship for him. "I am sorry," he says to his party associates, "that I could not reward all of you." Patriotism, disinterested support of principles, the duty of an honest exercise of the franchise, these are considerations that do not occur to him. He is sorry only that he could not pay with a public salary those who voted for him. A simpler and more childlike profession of faith in spoils as the mainspring of the duty of a citizen, we do not recall, and the President clinches it with the deprecation that he does not disparage those to whom he has nothing to give.

This was not an untimely nor an unbecoming declaration for the candidate of a party which in a curt and formal way alludes in its platform to reform in the civil service in these words: "We commend the spirit and evidence of reform in the civil service, and the wise and consistent enforcement by the Republican party of the laws regulating the same." Contrast with this cold and perfunctory sentence, the work of those who feel that something must be said, but that it shall be as contemptuously little as possible, the frank and vigorous platform declarations of 1884 and 1888 that the reformed system should be extended to every branch of the service to which it is applicable, and that the spirit of reform should determine appointments outside of the classified system. This declaration was reaffirmed in 1888, with a specific pledge to fulfil the pledge of the platform. The object was to recover the mugwump or independent vote, which had been lost in 1884. But it failed. That vote generally, although not entirely, again went to Mr. CLEVELAND in 1888, and this year the Republicans in the brief sentence of the Minneapolis platform practically abandon the reform.

The Democratic party has been in no sense friendly to this reform. But the young Republican accession to its ranks has carried into the party a reform sentiment which may be of the utmost service to it at a time when that sentiment cannot hold the Republican party even to its old professions. The two Democratic bills reported to the House for the registry of labor and for the appointment of fourth-class postmasters practically affect most of the remaining service to which the reformed system applies, although its spirit embraces the entire executive service. If the sentiment which inspired those bills and the recommendation for their passage should manifest itself in the Chicago platform, with a candidate who would be the guarantee of sincerity, there would be an enthusiasm of principle for the Democratic candidate which would be wholly wanting for his opponent. It would give to the Democratic party an accession of moral earnestness by making it plainly a reform party which would be resistless in the campaign. In any event, the Chicago platform cannot make a more reluctant and meaningless declaration than was made at Minneapolis.

## AFTER-MATH.

THERE is something exceedingly comical in the complete "smash up" of those eminent bosses Messrs. PLATT, QUAY, CLARKSON, and FORAKER, while the disaster of Mr. WARNER MILLER, although ludicrous, is pathetic. Intelligent Republicans who have acquiesced in such extraordinary leadership as those four names represent may now, perhaps, see it in a truer light. QUAY had already lost the overwhelmingly Republican State of Pennsylvania to the Democrats, and the association of Mr. FASSETT with Mr. PLATT in New York was the millstone around his neck last autumn. Mr. CLARKSON'S delight, as Assistant Postmaster-General, was to break the pledges of his party as fast as the restrictions of time and space allowed; while there is certainly not a more thoroughly discredited politician in the country than Mr. FORAKER. These gentlemen tried to beat Mr. HARRISON by the use of Mr. BLAINE'S name; but how entirely indifferent they were to Mr. BLAINE is revealed by the plot to abandon him for Mr. MCKINLEY, which failed absurdly, and left Mr. MCKINLEY exposed to very sharp imputations upon his good faith. The safest way for those who are candidates is not to attend the Convention. Even GARFIELD did not escape without some severe comment.

There is the usual talk about knives and sulking, and the usual remark of the party papers that the exhilarating differences at the Convention only deepen the zeal of everybody in support of the best possible ticket. The more earnestly a man said that Mr. HARRISON could not be elected, the more enthusiastically, we are now told, he is going to pull off his coat and help to elect him. The chiefs who have been disappointed most sorely, who have lost their entire political prestige in the nomination of Mr. HARRISON, it is now announced, will zealously support the ticket. Undoubtedly Mr. PLATT will vote for Mr. HARRISON; but will he work for him? Would Mr. PLATT or Mr. QUAY grieve deeply if even with their votes Mr. HARRISON should not pull through? It is not the habit of politicians who are defeated ignominiously in such a fray as that at Minneapolis to oppose the ticket with a brass band, or that they will not vote. They "fall into line," and "give an unwavering and hearty support." Mr. CONKLING declared that he didn't understand belonging to a party a little, and he poured out his finest contempt against jayhawkers and skirmishers between the lines. But in 1884, when his foe Mr. BLAINE was nominated, although Mr. CONKLING did not withdraw from the party, it is not supposed that he pulled his coat entirely off to work for the candidate.

But the chief surprise at Minneapolis, and one of the striking incidents in our political history, was the manner in which Mr. BLAINE disappeared from politics. It cannot be doubted that had he comprehended the situation, he would have held by his February letter. Had he anticipated the triumphant success of his rival, and the character and objects of the men who traded upon his name, he would not have permitted it to be mentioned in the Convention. He was evidently completely deceived by the representations of QUAY and PLATT, and in his own estimate of the power of his name. If he had perceived that those who had taken him at his word and made other engagements could not recede from them honorably merely because he had changed his mind, he would have escaped the humiliating catastrophe. When it came, his course had prevented his friends from saying that his small vote was due to the fact that he was known to hold by his letter. If, when he saw the frenzied determination to nominate him, he had reminded QUAY and PLATT of his letter, and had reserved his resignation, this plea would avail. But there was no doubt in the Convention or in the country that he was making a last desperate push for the nomination. His course proved it, and the result, therefore, was not defeat only, but humiliation.

## PRIVATE RIGHTS.

IT is pleasant to record that the Supreme Court of the State at General Term has confirmed the order restraining certain persons from making and exhibiting a statue of the late Mrs. GEORGE L. SCHUYLER against the wishes of her family. It will be remembered that some persons, wholly unknown to the family, proposed to make a statue of Mrs. SCHUYLER, formerly Miss HAMILTON, and exhibit it at Chicago as the figure of a typical American philanthropist. Mrs. SCHUYLER was an admirable woman of humane sympathies and activities, but wholly in a private sphere, and was in no sense whatever known to the public.

The lower court, in enjoining the enterprise which, so far as appeared, was a job for somebody's benefit, held that Miss HAMILTON was not a public character, and that therefore such a wanton invasion of private rights should not be permitted. But Judge VAN BRUNT in his opinion, in which Judge BARRETT concurred, went further. He does not admit that acceptance of public office, or the appeal to the public made by an author or artist, is a surrender of his personality when living, or his memory when dead, to be used or abused as any irresponsible person may choose. His publicity is a surrender only of such part of his personality or privacy as pertains to or affects the position he fills or aspires to fill. It was urged by the agents of this extraordinary enterprise that even were Mrs. SCHUYLER living, she would be remediless and powerless against this outrage of her private rights; and that being dead, there is certainly no remedy. The court answers that her memory belongs to her friends, and they may rightfully take care that what would not have been permitted were she living, shall not be accomplished when she is incapable of protecting herself. A curious wrong has been thus righteously prevented by the courts, and an admirable precedent has been secured, and a public service done by the persistence of Mr. PHILIP SCHUYLER.

## A CONTRAST.

A CORRESPONDENT in Denver writes, during the Minneapolis Convention:

> "I wish to call your attention, if it has not already been so attracted, to the large number of Federal office-holders now at Minneapolis, either as delegates or workers in the interest of the President's renomination. JOHN C. NEW, Consul-General at London, is there, acting as the leader of the HARRISON forces, and, according to an interview with a Republican Senator published in one of the Republican journals to-day, 'the Assistant Postmaster-General, the Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and scores of heads of departments fill the lobbies [at Minneapolis] and promise the offices and favors promiscuously.' Among the delegates are postmasters, marshals, and other minor officers by the dozens.
>
> "Four years ago I compared the Democratic National Convention of that year (1888) with the Republican Convention of four

years before (1884). I took the files of the New York *Tribune*, and I found that there was an army of Federal office-holders at the Convention before which President Arthur was a candidate compared with the number of such officers in attendance at the Convention that renominated President Cleveland. On the latter occasion there was not a single Federal officer of any importance present, and but a *very few* of any grade. I wish the friends of civil service reform to know these facts, and to judge for themselves whether Grover Cleveland or Benjamin Harrison is the better civil service reformer—whether, in this particular, the Democratic party does not at least *show* to the advantage as compared with the G.O.P."

## MANLY SPORTS AT COLLEGE.

The letter of Mr. Garrison last winter sharply condemning the ceremonies of initiation of a secret society at Harvard University is justified by the recent tragical death of young Rustin, a Yale student. During the process of initiation, and as a part of it, he was running blindfold in the street at full speed, and striking a hack, received injuries of which he died. The stupidity of such a requirement, whether as fun or a test of courage or manliness, or of whatever quality, like that of burning the flesh with a lighted cigar, is so intolerable that it is not easy to discuss it patiently. Droll standards of manhood must prevail in circles of young men who approve and administer such tests.

The coroner who held the inquest over the body of this victim of innocent pleasantry said well: "From the foregoing facts, I am of the opinion that Wilkins Rustin's death was caused by the carelessness of the students conducting said initiation. I am further of the opinion that this carelessness was purely the result of boyish fun, entirely unintentional, and not such carelessness as is known to the law as criminal carelessness. I find that modes of initiation have been practically unrestrained that have entirely exceeded the bounds of reason and propriety, and are often dangerous to health and life, and I recommend that the faculty either abolish or restrain these modes of initiation altogether, or have entire supervision and control of the same. In default of action on the part of the faculty, I recommend that the proper authorities take such measures as will prevent further practices of this nature."

The concluding recommendation is wise. If the college authorities are unwilling to restrain such excesses of savagery, the local officers of order should take cognizance of them. The law does not permit the abuse of children or of animals, and it ought not to wink at the abuse of college students by each other. That the victim submits is not a valid plea. Dogs and cocks are willing to fight in a pit, but the fight is none the less illegal. All the "fun" that was ever derived from the whole system of hazing and rushing does not compensate for the cruel injuries which it has sometimes produced, and a community of young men in which such practices prevail is shown by that fact to be a community which requires a firm police.

## MR. CLEVELAND AND NEW YORK.

The nomination of Mr. Cleveland at Chicago would be assured except for the allegation that he could not carry New York, which will be strongly made by the regular delegation from the State. The only reason suggested for this view is that there will be enough anti-Cleveland Democrats in the State to offset the independent vote which Mr. Cleveland would get. This view has seemed to be not altogether unreasonable, because the nomination and election of Mr. Cleveland would involve the especial humiliation and political annihilation of Senator Hill.

The *World* has secured a statement from the regular Hill delegates and the opposing delegates to Chicago that they would all cordially support the nomination. But while this is undoubtedly true of the conspicuous men and the delegates on both sides, there are a great many Democrats who would not vote for Senator Hill if he should be the candidate. They are not voters who would be interviewed, because they are private citizens. Under the new law there could be no clew to their votes, and undoubtedly there would be a great many of them. Is this less true of the other side? and we are not now speaking of the usual vote in a party which is refused to every candidate. Is there not a considerable vote which would be refused to Mr. Cleveland in order to revenge the defeat of Senator Hill, and would it be important enough to be regarded seriously?

This will be the question at Chicago. If it be asked from whom the opposition is to be expected if the Hill delegates themselves accept the action of the Convention, the answer would be, it would come from Democrats who would do what the friends of Mr. Warner Miller did in the Republican campaign in New York last autumn. Mr. Miller himself stumped for Mr. Fassett, but the Miller men "took no kind of interest in it." But what is a speculation of this kind against a general enthusiasm for a particular candidate who represents more than any other man in his party its best impulse, its wisest view, and its progressive character? In any event, and at every election, New York is a doubtful State. But if Mr. Cleveland cannot carry it this year, we know no Democrat who can. Mr. Hill carried it in 1888, when Mr. Cleveland lost it. But that was the result of bargains, of which the conditions do not now exist. No intelligent person supposes that because Mr. Hill carried New York in 1888, he could carry it in 1892.

## CLEVELAND AND HONEST CURRENCY.

The agreement is general that the Republican silver plank is a "straddle." It is carefully contrived not to state the essential point, and since Senator Wolcott, an extreme free silver Republican, is satisfied with it, sound currency Republicans and others ought not to be satisfied with it. If it means what such men mean, why is there any question about it, and why does Senator Wolcott approve it? The Philadelphia *Ledger* is a Republican journal which is not afraid to speak plainly of Republican action, and the *Ledger* says: "The silver plank is unworthy the Republican party in its lack of courageous clearness and directness. It stands for the timidity of compromise, and aims at the conciliation of the voters of the silver-producing States represented on the committee by Senators Teller and Jones." Is it an honest plank which demands the use both of gold and silver as standard money when a silver dollar is worth intrinsically twenty per cent. less than a gold dollar?

It is said with glee by Republicans who dislike to admit the cowardly evasion of this silver plank that the Democrats will do no better. But they have certainly done a great deal better than this in New York and Rhode Island and Massachusetts. If the number of free silver Democrats is larger than that of free silver Republicans, State Democratic conventions have spoken plainly upon the subject. Their National Convention cannot make a more timid and trimming deliverance than that at Minneapolis. Indeed, there has never been a Republican platform less worthy of the original spirit and courage of the party than that of this year.

Whatever the platform of the Democrats may say upon this question, Mr. Cleveland has already made his own platform, and if nominated, his views are universally known. There is no simpler, stronger, and more satisfactory expression than his letter, and his election would be an effectual barrier to any mischievous legislation upon the subject. Cleveland and honest currency would be not only a good but a true campaign cry.

## INDIAN-CORN.

Among the first discoveries of the Pilgrims at Plymouth was maize, or, as they called it, Indian-corn, and the virtues of corn meal for man and beast are familiar. But the nutritious grain has not generally penetrated Europe, and an Indian-corn propaganda has been recently started in Germany, with very promising results. Thirteen mills have been put in operation for grinding corn, and some of them have been working night and day, and have been unable to fill their orders. Several other mills in various parts of Germany will soon be erected, the demand for corn is so great. In Dresden, where two corn-mills are in operation, more than half the bakers are selling maize-rye bread, composed of one part maize and two parts rye, in which the taste of the maize is not perceived. Even the two mills in the latter city, one of them, T. Bienert's, the largest rye-mill in Germany, are baking and selling large quantities of this bread, and the old government garrison bakery is turning out thousands of loaves daily.

The United States Consul at Rotterdam mentions the great increase in the importation of Indian-corn. The German Millers' Association has taken the alarm, and corn has been assailed as an article of human food with an energy at which the Yankee must smile, seeing what a people has been bred upon it. A well-informed correspondent in Berlin writes: "My firm opinion is that when the German people know the full value of Indian-corn as human food, they will consume as much as we do in proportion to the number of inhabitants. The government is now putting a corn-milling plant in their large mill at Magdeburg, and the government report on the value of corn as food will soon be published, which is the result of a thorough investigation and practical testing of bread-making at the garrison bakery in this city, and which, I am informed by the commission, will be highly favorable."

Probably without knowledge of these facts, a correspondent pleads for maize, or Indian-corn, as the most fitting national flower, as a native of the continent, while the golden-rod has a European variety. "What could compare with it in sculpture or in harmony of tint for the artist, whether we choose the tender tasselled blossom crowning the tall stem, the long leaf waving in the wind, or the golden ear in its brown sheath? It may be urged that the flower is not the striking feature of this plant, but when we take the *tout ensemble*, there is nothing finer in the botanical world. The shamrock of Ireland is generally represented by its leaf, not the blossom, therefore we might reasonably take the fruit of the maize as our emblem; for does it not typify peace, prosperity, labor, sustenance? Neither the golden-rod nor the pansy has any prominent traits; the abundance of the one, the lowliness of the other, can only be claimed for them." Our correspondent kindly reminds us of a fact with which we were not altogether unfamiliar, that Lowell's homage to the "dusty gold" occurs in his poem to a dandelion. But there can be no question that Barlow's "Hasty Pudding," one of the earliest of American poems, dealt wholly with American Indian-corn.

## POLITICS IN ENGLAND.

If, as now seems certain, Parliament should be dissolved early in the summer, the two great branches of the English-speaking race, embracing a hundred millions of the most enlightened people, will be engaged in renewing their governments by the will of the majority legally expressed. In both countries the Chief Executive and legislative bodies will be chosen—a President and a Prime Minister, a House of Representatives and a House of Commons.

The great apparent difference of procedure between the two countries is that in England the new government will enter upon its duties without delay, while in the United States the Chief Executive will not take office for four months, and the House of Representatives will not assemble for more than a year. It may be said truly, therefore, that, in an American phrase, the English government is "nearer to the people" than ours. With us, one entire term of Congress passes with full liberty, if the Executive agrees, to make laws for the people in direct contravention of principles and policies which the people may have approved at the polls.

If, for instance, the present House of Representatives were Republican, and the issues of the pending election were a still higher tariff and a rigorous force bill, and they should both be overwhelmingly rejected at the election, Congress and the President might next winter double the tariff taxes, and enact a stringent force bill. Public opinion also may change in the year between the election and the assembling of the House. These are conditions which deserve attention. The English system is much more flexible than ours, and public opinion is felt, both in the executive and the legislative branches, more immediately than in this country.

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THE scene changes from Minneapolis to Chicago. The Democratic Convention follows the Republican. If the hall at Minneapolis held twelve thousand people, the hall at Chicago will hold twenty thousand. If the applicants for tickets in the smaller city were twenty thousand, in the larger they are one hundred thousand. These are the comparative figures with which the assembling of the second Convention is heralded. It will open as this paper is issued, and the fourth week of June will be as exciting as the second. A Democratic National Convention of to-day represents a very different party from that of thirty and forty years ago. At that time the Convention was dominated by Southern Democrats, arrogant and intolerant slave-masters, who absolutely cowed and controlled the Democrats of the Northern States, who meekly registered the Southern will. The absorbing question was slavery, and the object of the Convention was to serve its interests. With every advancing and aggressive demand there was a feeble protest from some few Northern delegates, which was contemptuously swept aside, and it was this complete Northern pusillanimity both in Democratic and Whig conventions that bred the unutterable scorn with which the Southern masters regarded the people of the free States.

This cowardice on one side and arrogance upon the other made the old Democratic party the mere tool of aggressive slavery, and gave us Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan for Presidents. In 1860, when the political conscience and courage of the North had organized the Republican party, and was about to take possession of the government, the Democratic Convention had sunk so low that a Southern delegate declared the reopening of the African slave-trade to be the sure safeguard of the Union, and shouted in an assembly called a convention of free Americans that he could buy a slave in Africa for fifty dollars who would cost him a thousand in Virginia. That was the final gasp of the old Democratic party. The Convention split, and the party and slavery were utterly overwhelmed together. In '64 the party made a futile effort in its old spirit to stop the war, and in '68 to abandon, so far as practicable, its results. But in '72 it effaced itself by nominating in vain an old antislavery and war Republican, and in '76 it showed signs of a newer spirit by the nomination of a free-soil Democrat of '48.

Since then a new generation has arisen to which the slavery controversy is unknown, and new issues following the removal of the curse from the Southern States now engage the attention and determine the votes of the country. The majority of delegates to the Convention at Chicago have grown up since the old and bitter struggle, and their action must be considered upon its merits, and wholly apart from the traditions of the party, to which no sensible Democrat will ever allude. The chief misfortune with which the party now contends is its name. Parties at the present time, however, despite the new issues, are not organized upon them; but they are adapted to them as cleverly as possible. One declares for tariff reform, the other for protection, but both for a tariff. Both are afraid of the silver question, and both evasively declare for civil service reform. Meanwhile the question of honest administration is to many citizens the really paramount interest. In this situation the personality of the candidates becomes a vital consideration, and independent voters will support the candidate who best represents their general view, and in whose honesty, courage, and constancy they confide. Among the candidates who will be presented at Chicago, Mr. Cleveland is the one who would certainly secure the largest vote from independent tariff-reformers, as Mr. Harrison would be favored by independents who hold to protection. There are, of course, many other considerations which will affect the vote. It is undeniable that a high tariff involves immense political corruption, and with that corruption the Republican party is identified. To secure protection, industrial interests will willingly pay. The "fat-frying circular" is therefore a natural result of a high-tariff campaign, and such a circular is a sign of enormous corruption. This taint of corruption, which the circumstances of the campaign of 1888 deepened, is one of the serious drawbacks of the Republican party as the campaign of 1892 opens.

## SPOILS.

THE most remarkable sentence in the speech of President Harrison to the congratulating crowd after his nomination was this: "I have felt great regret that I was unable to find a suitable place for every deserving friend; but I have insisted that I did not disparage those I could not appoint to place." This is a most naïve remark from a President, but it shows clearly Mr. Harrison's view of public office. It is a reward for his friends. He laments that there were not spoils enough. The qualification for public service is friendship for him. "I am sorry," he says to his party associates, "that I could not reward all of you." Patriotism, disinterested support of principles, the duty of an honest exercise of the franchise, these are considerations that do not occur to him. He is sorry only that he could not pay with a public salary those who voted for him. A simpler and more childlike profession of faith in spoils as the mainspring of the duty of a citizen, we do not recall, and the President clinches it with the deprecation that he does not disparage those to whom he has nothing to give.

This was not an untimely nor an unbecoming declaration for the candidate of a party which in a curt and formal way alludes in its platform to reform in the civil service in these words: "We commend the spirit and evidence of reform in the civil service, and the wise and consistent enforcement by the Republican party of the laws regulating the same." Contrast with this cold and perfunctory sentence, the work of those who feel that something must be said, but that it shall be as contemptuously little as possible, the frank and vigorous platform declarations of 1884 and 1888 that the reformed system should be extended to every branch of the service to which it is applicable, and that the spirit of reform should determine appointments outside of the classified system. This declaration was reaffirmed in 1888, with a specific pledge to fulfil the pledge of the platform. The object was to recover the mugwump or independent vote, which had been lost in 1884. But it failed. That vote generally, although not entirely, again went to Mr. Cleveland in 1888, and this year the Republicans in the brief sentence of the Minneapolis platform practically abandon the reform.

The Democratic party has been in no sense friendly to this reform. But the young Republican accession to its ranks has carried into the party a reform sentiment which may be of the utmost service to it at a time when that sentiment cannot hold the Republican party even to its old professions. The two Democratic bills reported to the House for the registry of labor and for the appointment of fourth-class postmasters practically affect most of the remaining service to which the reformed system applies, although its spirit embraces the entire executive service. If the sentiment which inspired those bills and the recommendation for their passage should manifest itself in the Chicago platform, with a candidate who would be the guarantee of sincerity, there would be an enthusiasm of principle for the Democratic candidate which would be wholly wanting for his opponent. It would give to the Democratic party an accession of moral earnestness by making it plainly a reform party which would be resistless in the campaign. In any event, the Chicago platform cannot make a more reluctant and meaningless declaration than was made at Minneapolis.

## AFTER-MATH.

THERE is something exceedingly comical in the complete "smash up" of those eminent bosses Messrs. Platt, Quay, Clarkson, and Foraker, while the disaster of Mr. Warner Miller, although ludicrous, is pathetic. Intelligent Republicans who have acquiesced in such extraordinary leadership as those four names represent may now, perhaps, see it in a truer light. Quay had already lost the overwhelmingly Republican State of Pennsylvania to the Democrats, and the association of Mr. Fassett with Mr. Platt in New York was the millstone around his neck last autumn. Mr. Clarkson's delight, as Assistant Postmaster-General, was to break the pledges of his party as fast as the restrictions of time and space allowed; while there is certainly not a more thoroughly discredited politician in the country than Mr. Foraker. These gentlemen tried to beat Mr. Harrison by the use of Mr. Blaine's name; but how entirely indifferent they were to Mr. Blaine is revealed by the plot to abandon him for Mr. McKinley, which failed absurdly, and left Mr. McKinley exposed to very sharp imputations upon his good faith. The safest way for those who are candidates is not to attend the Convention. Even Garfield did not escape without some severe comment.

There is the usual talk about knives and sulking, and the usual remark of the party papers that the exhilarating differences at the Convention only deepen the zeal of everybody in support of the best possible ticket. The more earnestly a man said that Mr. Harrison could not be elected, the more enthusiastically, we are now told, he is going to pull off his coat and help to elect him. The chiefs who have been disappointed most sorely, who have lost their entire political prestige in the nomination of Mr. Harrison, it is now announced, will zealously support the ticket. Undoubtedly Mr. Platt will vote for Mr. Harrison; but will he work for him? Would Mr. Platt or Mr. Quay grieve deeply if even with their votes Mr. Harrison should not pull through? It is not the habit of politicians who are defeated ignominiously in such a fray as that at Minneapolis to oppose the ticket with a brass band, or that they will not vote. They "fall into line," and "give an unwavering and hearty support." Mr. Conkling declared that he didn't understand belonging to a party a little, and he poured out his finest contempt against jayhawkers and skirmishers between the lines. But in 1884, when his foe Mr. Blaine was nominated, although Mr. Conkling did not withdraw from the party, it is not supposed that he pulled his coat entirely off to work for the candidate.

But the chief surprise at Minneapolis, and one of the striking incidents in our political history, was the manner in which Mr. Blaine disappeared from politics. It cannot be doubted that had he comprehended the situation, he would have held by his February letter. Had he anticipated the triumphant success of his rival, and the character and objects of the men who traded upon his name, he would not have permitted it to be mentioned in the Convention. He was evidently completely deceived by the representations of Quay and Platt, and in his own estimate of the power of his name. If he had perceived that those who had taken him at his word and made other engagements could not recede from them honorably merely because he had changed his mind, he would have escaped the humiliating catastrophe. When it came, his course had prevented his friends from saying that his small vote was due to the fact that he was known to hold by his letter. If, when he saw the frenzied determination to nominate him, he had reminded Quay and Platt of his letter, and had reserved his resignation, this plea would avail. But there was no doubt in the Convention or in the country that he was making a last desperate push for the nomination. His course proved it, and the result, therefore, was not defeat only, but humiliation.

## PRIVATE RIGHTS.

IT is pleasant to record that the Supreme Court of the State at General Term has confirmed the order restraining certain persons from making and exhibiting a statue of the late Mrs. George L. Schuyler against the wishes of her family. It will be remembered that some persons, wholly unknown to the family, proposed to make a statue of Mrs. Schuyler, formerly Miss Hamilton, and exhibit it at Chicago as the figure of a typical American philanthropist. Mrs. Schuyler was an admirable woman of humane sympathies and activities, but wholly in a private sphere, and was in no sense whatever known to the public.

The lower court, in enjoining the enterprise which, so far as appeared, was a job for somebody's benefit, held that Miss Hamilton was not a public character, and that therefore such a wanton invasion of private rights should not be permitted. But Judge Van Brunt in his opinion, in which Judge Barrett concurred, went further. He does not admit that acceptance of public office, or the appeal to the public made by an author or artist, is a surrender of his personality when living, or his memory when dead, to be used or abused as any irresponsible person may choose. His publicity is a surrender only of such part of his personality or privacy as pertains to or affects the position he fills or aspires to fill. It was urged by the agents of this extraordinary enterprise that even were Mrs. Schuyler living, she would be remediless and powerless against this outrage of her private rights; and that being dead, there is certainly no remedy. The court answers that her memory belongs to her friends, and they may rightfully take care that what would not have been permitted were she living, shall not be accomplished when she is incapable of protecting herself. A curious wrong has been thus righteously prevented by the courts, and an admirable precedent has been secured, and a public service done by the persistence of Mr. Philip Schuyler.

## A CONTRAST.

A CORRESPONDENT in Denver writes, during the Minneapolis Convention:

"I wish to call your attention, if it has not already been so attracted, to the large number of Federal office-holders now at Minneapolis, either as delegates or workers in the interest of the President's renomination. John C. New, Consul-General at London, is there, acting as the leader of the Harrison forces, and, according to an interview with a Republican Senator published in one of the Republican journals to-day, 'the Assistant Postmaster-General, the Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and scores of heads of departments fill the lobbies [at Minneapolis] and promise the offices and favors promiscuously.' Among the delegates are postmasters, marshals, and other minor officers by the dozens.

"Four years ago I compared the Democratic National Convention of that year (1888) with the Republican Convention of four years before (1884). I took the files of the New York *Tribune*, and I found that there was an army of Federal office-holders at the Convention before which President Arthur was a candidate compared with the number of such officers in attendance at the Convention that renominated President Cleveland. On the latter occasion there was not a single Federal officer of any importance present, and but a *very few* of any grade. I wish the friends of civil service reform to know these facts, and to judge for themselves whether Grover Cleveland or Benjamin Harrison is the better civil service reformer—whether, in this particular, the Democratic party does not at least *show* to the advantage as compared with the G.O.P."

## MANLY SPORTS AT COLLEGE.

The letter of Mr. Garrison last winter sharply condemning the ceremonies of initiation of a secret society at Harvard University is justified by the recent tragical death of young Rustin, a Yale student. During the process of initiation, and as a part of it, he was running blindfold in the street at full speed, and striking a hack, received injuries of which he died. The stupidity of such a requirement, whether as fun or a test of courage or manliness, or of whatever quality, like that of burning the flesh with a lighted cigar, is so intolerable that it is not easy to discuss it patiently. Droll standards of manhood must prevail in circles of young men who approve and administer such tests.

The coroner who held the inquest over the body of this victim of innocent pleasantry said well: "From the foregoing facts, I am of the opinion that Wilkins Rustin's death was caused by the carelessness of the students conducting said initiation. I am further of the opinion that this carelessness was purely the result of boyish fun, entirely unintentional, and not such carelessness as is known to the law as criminal carelessness. I find that modes of initiation have been practically unrestrained that have entirely exceeded the bounds of reason and propriety, and are often dangerous to health and life, and I recommend that the faculty either abolish or restrain these modes of initiation altogether, or have entire supervision and control of the same. In default of action on the part of the faculty, I recommend that the proper authorities take such measures as will prevent further practices of this nature."

The concluding recommendation is wise. If the college authorities are unwilling to restrain such excesses of savagery, the local officers of order should take cognizance of them. The law does not permit the abuse of children or of animals, and it ought not to wink at the abuse of college students by each other. That the victim submits is not a valid plea. Dogs and cocks are willing to fight in a pit, but the fight is none the less illegal. All the "fun" that was ever derived from the whole system of hazing and rushing does not compensate for the cruel injuries which it has sometimes produced, and a community of young men in which such practices prevail is shown by that fact to be a community which requires a firm police.

## MR. CLEVELAND AND NEW YORK.

The nomination of Mr. Cleveland at Chicago would be assured except for the allegation that he could not carry New York, which will be strongly made by the regular delegation from the State. The only reason suggested for this view is that there will be enough anti-Cleveland Democrats in the State to offset the independent vote which Mr. Cleveland would get. This view has seemed to be not altogether unreasonable, because the nomination and election of Mr. Cleveland would involve the especial humiliation and political annihilation of Senator Hill.

The *World* has secured a statement from the regular Hill delegates and the opposing delegates to Chicago that they would all cordially support the nomination. But while this is undoubtedly true of the conspicuous men and the delegates on both sides, there are a great many Democrats who would not vote for Senator Hill if he should be the candidate. They are not voters who would be interviewed, because they are private citizens. Under the new law there could be no clew to their votes, and undoubtedly there would be a great many of them. Is this less true of the other side? and we are not now speaking of the usual vote in a party which is refused to every candidate. Is there not a considerable vote which would be refused to Mr. Cleveland in order to revenge the defeat of Senator Hill, and would it be important enough to be regarded seriously?

This will be the question at Chicago. If it be asked from whom the opposition is to be expected if the Hill delegates themselves accept the action of the Convention, the answer would be, it would come from Democrats who would do what the friends of Mr. Warner Miller did in the Republican campaign in New York last autumn. Mr. Miller himself stumped for Mr. Fassett, but the Miller men "took no kind of interest in it." But what is a speculation of this kind against a general enthusiasm for a particular candidate who represents more than any other man in his party its best impulse, its wisest view, and its progressive character? In any event, and at every election, New York is a doubtful State. But if Mr. Cleveland cannot carry it this year, we know no Democrat who can. Mr. Hill carried it in 1888, when Mr. Cleveland lost it. But that was the result of bargains, of which the conditions do not now exist. No intelligent person supposes that because Mr. Hill carried New York in 1888, he could carry it in 1892.

## CLEVELAND AND HONEST CURRENCY.

The agreement is general that the Republican silver plank is a "straddle." It is carefully contrived not to state the essential point, and since Senator Wolcott, an extreme free silver Republican, is satisfied with it, sound currency Republicans and others ought not to be satisfied with it. If it means what such men mean, why is there any question about it, and why does Senator Wolcott approve it? The Philadelphia *Ledger* is a Republican journal which is not afraid to speak plainly of Republican action, and the *Ledger* says: "The silver plank is unworthy the Republican party in its lack of courageous clearness and directness. It stands for the timidity of compromise, and aims at the conciliation of the voters of the silver-producing States represented on the committee by Senators Teller and Jones." Is it an honest plank which demands the use both of gold and silver as standard money when a silver dollar is worth intrinsically twenty per cent. less than a gold dollar?

It is said with glee by Republicans who dislike to admit the cowardly evasion of this silver plank that the Democrats will do no better. But they have certainly done a great deal better than this in New York and Rhode Island and Massachusetts. If the number of free silver Democrats is larger than that of free silver Republicans, State Democratic conventions have spoken plainly upon the subject. Their National Convention cannot make a more timid and trimming deliverance than that at Minneapolis. Indeed, there has never been a Republican platform less worthy of the original spirit and courage of the party than that of this year.

Whatever the platform of the Democrats may say upon this question, Mr. Cleveland has already made his own platform, and if nominated, his views are universally known. There is no simpler, stronger, and more satisfactory expression than his letter, and his election would be an effectual barrier to any mischievous legislation upon the subject. Cleveland and honest currency would be not only a good but a true campaign cry.

## INDIAN-CORN.

Among the first discoveries of the Pilgrims at Plymouth was maize, or, as they called it, Indian-corn, and the virtues of corn meal for man and beast are familiar. But the nutritious grain has not generally penetrated Europe, and an Indian-corn propaganda has been recently started in Germany, with very promising results. Thirteen mills have been put in operation for grinding corn, and some of them have been working night and day, and have been unable to fill their orders. Several other mills in various parts of Germany will soon be erected, the demand for corn is so great. In Dresden, where two corn-mills are in operation, more than half the bakers are selling maize-rye bread, composed of one part maize and two parts rye, in which the taste of the maize is not perceived. Even the two mills in the latter city, one of them, T. Bienert's, the largest rye-mill in Germany, are baking and selling large quantities of this bread, and the old government garrison bakery is turning out thousands of loaves daily.

The United States Consul at Rotterdam mentions the great increase in the importation of Indian-corn. The German Millers' Association has taken the alarm, and corn has been assailed as an article of human food with an energy at which the Yankee must smile, seeing what a people has been bred upon it. A well-informed correspondent in Berlin writes: "My firm opinion is that when the German people know the full value of Indian-corn as human food, they will consume as much as we do in proportion to the number of inhabitants. The government is now putting a corn-milling plant in their large mill at Magdeburg, and the government report on the value of corn as food will soon be published, which is the result of a thorough investigation and practical testing of bread-making at the garrison bakery in this city, and which, I am informed by the commission, will be highly favorable."

Probably without knowledge of these facts, a correspondent pleads for maize, or Indian-corn, as the most fitting national flower, as a native of the continent, while the golden-rod has a European variety. "What could compare with it in sculpture or in harmony of tint for the artist, whether we choose the tender tasselled blossom crowning the tall stem, the long leaf waving in the wind, or the golden ear in its brown sheath? It may be urged that the flower is not the striking feature of this plant, but when we take the *tout ensemble*, there is nothing finer in the botanical world. The shamrock of Ireland is generally represented by its leaf, not the blossom, therefore we might reasonably take the fruit of the maize as our emblem; for does it not typify peace, prosperity, labor, sustenance? Neither the golden-rod nor the pansy has any prominent traits; the abundance of the one, the lowliness of the other, can only be claimed for them." Our correspondent kindly reminds us of a fact with which we were not altogether unfamiliar, that Lowell's homage to the "dusty gold" occurs in his poem to a dandelion. But there can be no question that Barlow's "Hasty Pudding," one of the earliest of American poems, dealt wholly with American Indian-corn.

## POLITICS IN ENGLAND.

If, as now seems certain, Parliament should be dissolved early in the summer, the two great branches of the English-speaking race, embracing a hundred millions of the most enlightened people, will be engaged in renewing their governments by the will of the majority legally expressed. In both countries the Chief Executive and legislative bodies will be chosen—a President and a Prime Minister, a House of Representatives and a House of Commons.

The great apparent difference of procedure between the two countries is that in England the new government will enter upon its duties without delay, while in the United States the Chief Executive will not take office for four months, and the House of Representatives will not assemble for more than a year. It may be said truly, therefore, that, in an American phrase, the English government is "nearer to the people" than ours. With us, one entire term of Congress passes with full liberty, if the Executive agrees, to make laws for the people in direct contravention of principles and policies which the people may have approved at the polls.

If, for instance, the present House of Representatives were Republican, and the issues of the pending election were a still higher tariff and a rigorous force bill, and they should both be overwhelmingly rejected at the election, Congress and the President might next winter double the tariff taxes, and enact a stringent force bill. Public opinion also may change in the year between the election and the assembling of the House. These are conditions which deserve attention. The English system is much more flexible than ours, and public opinion is felt, both in the executive and the legislative branches, more immediately than in this country.

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HON. CALVIN S. BRICE, CHAIRMAN OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

## THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE division in the Republican Convention at Minneapolis was only between Harrison and anti-Harrison. Even more emphatically the division in the Democratic Convention assembled at Chicago is a division between Cleveland and anti-Cleveland. There is not even a Blaine in view, nor any "favorite son" so much more conspicuous than other favorite sons that he is the natural rallying-point of the opposition to the ex-President. There are various Ajaxes who are more or less ostentatiously baring their breasts to the Presidential lightning, against which nobody has openly equipped himself with a lightning-rod, except ex-Secretary Whitney, who has asserted explicitly that he is not a candidate, and by implication that he would not take the nomination if it were offered to him. The most conspicuous of the Ajaxes is doubtless Mr. Hill. He is conspicuous both because the delegation from his own great State is instructed to vote for him, and also because he has been openly and undisguisedly pursuing the nomination since he ceased to be Governor of New York. It is doubtful whether a party has ever been so openly solicited to make his own candidate for the Presidency its candidate as this has been done by Mr. Hill. A majority of the delegates who are instructed to vote for him are prepared to maintain in any of the bar-rooms or other public resorts of Chicago or other city that he can and that Mr. Cleveland cannot carry New York. The first part of this contention may be said to comprise Mr. Hill's personal "boom," and the second the gist of the opposition to Mr. Cleveland. A letter was published last week from a member of the Tammany Committee of Fifty, in which he exhorted Mr. Hill, for the sake of the party, and in view of the manifest fact that Mr. Cleveland was the choice of it except in the State of New York, to withdraw his name in favor of Mr. Cleveland. That that course, if followed up by an energetic use of the political machine in the State, of which Mr. Hill's control is complete, would result in carrying the State, there are not many New York Democrats who doubt. That the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, if the opposition to him is not placated, will endanger New York is doubted by still fewer. Among the regular delegates from New York few are known outside, or very extensively inside, of the State, except the delegates and alternates at large and the Tammany leaders. The delegates at large are Governor Flower, General Sickles, General Slocum, and Edward Murphy, Jun., who is regarded as the "personal organ" of Mr. Hill. The contesting delegation appointed at Syracuse comprises Mr. F. R. Coudert, Mr. E. Ellery Anderson, ex-Mayor Grace, Mr. Charles S. Fairchild, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, and Professor Boyesen. Mr. Whitney has held entirely aloof from the factional division, but has gone to Chicago as an advocate of the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, and his position gives him the opportunity to act as a mediator with a better prospect of success than any other Democrat who could be named.

In addition to the 72 votes of New York, which are pledged to his support so long as his name is before the Convention, Mr. Hill can count upon votes from North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Virginia, and probably from the silver States of Colorado, Idaho, Montana, and Nevada. These States cast 26 votes. The number of the Hill votes from Southern States is uncertain, but it seems a safe computation that Hill will receive more than 100 votes on the first ballot, and thus many more than any other candidate except the ex-President. A damper has fallen upon his friends, however, in the form of an emphatic declaration at Chicago by Senator Calvin S. Brice, of Ohio, the Chairman of the National Committee, that the nomination of Hill is not to be thought of. This is the more significant because Mr. Brice has not been suspected of a heedless and headlong devotion to the interests of Mr. Cleveland. Iowa is "instructed" for Governor Boies, and he will thus have 26 votes. Indiana is instructed to present the name of Isaac P. Gray, "in the event that the National Convention deems the nomination of Mr. Cleveland inexpedient," which is taken to mean after Mr. Cleveland has been beaten, if at all. Illinois may name Governor Palmer, and doubtless some of the votes of the uninstructed delegation from Kentucky will be cast in the first instance for Senator Carlisle. Senator Gorman has been taking more or less the pose of an Ajax, and the delegation from Maryland is not instructed, except by a suggestion to vote together, but it is not certain that Mr. Gorman's name will be presented.

Thus far, with the exception of a numerically respectable vote for Mr. Hill, it seems that the opposition to Mr. Cleveland will distinctly be "scattering," while the support of him will be very concentrated and very powerful. The delegations that are positively instructed to vote for him are those of California, Indiana (with the proviso aforesaid), Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Vermont, and Wisconsin, and these delegations will cast 322 votes. To them may safely be added the entire delegations of Massachusetts and Texas, sixty in all, which are virtually instructed, though not in terms, and he may expect votes from all the uninstructed delegations, excepting those already counted for Hill, and that of South Carolina, which is expressly instructed against "Grover Cleveland, or any other candidate known or believed to be selected in the interest of and at the dictation of Wall Street."

## THE WIGWAM.

WHEN the gentlemen of the committee decided to hold the Democratic Convention in Chicago, they believed that the gorgeous Auditorium, with its grand stage, its arches on arches of electric lights, and its plush cushion seats, would be given up to their delegates. Chicago said that she did not seek the Convention, that she had all she could do to worry along with the World's Fair and several other minor enterprises. But the members of the committee winked softly and slowly at one another, thought of the Auditorium, and decided on Chicago as the city for the June Convention. Then it was found that the Auditorium was not available; had other engagements, in fact, and could not be secured. And the Democrats in Chicago, finding that it behooved them to furnish some sort of a hall to nominate their candidate in, thought it wise to build one to order, and fell back on the old fashion of the wigwam.

Lincoln was nominated in a wigwam in Chicago, and elected, and perhaps the Democrats believed that if the precedent were followed, they would be more successful with their campaign than they were last term. So a wigwam was decided upon. The site selected was on the lake front at the foot of Madison Street, and work was begun on May 4th, and was pushed as rapidly forward as heavy wooden beams could be lifted into position and strong pine boards joined.

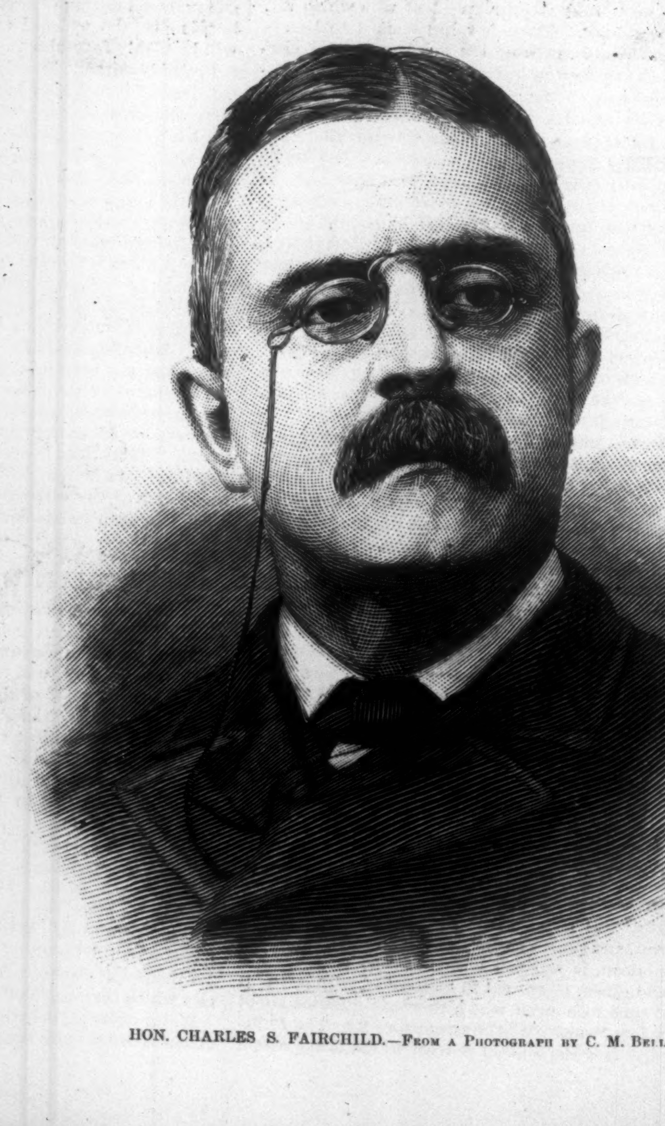
On Monday, June 13th, the city of Chicago and its vicinity was visited by a young cyclone that tore up trees, threw down frame buildings, and lashed Lake Michigan into a swirling, seething sea of foam. And now occurred an accident that might have perturbed the minds and bodies of the Conventional attendants had it occurred with these notable thousands under the Wigwam's shelter. The Wigwam is in the form of a great rectangular shed, and until the 13th of June, in the afternoon, had no roof more substantial than a large curtain of canvas drawn across the top. This presented a pleasant, airy, well-illuminated interior, and it was designed that the curtain remain in its place until the close of the Convention. But nature had other designs, and disposed of the local committee's proposition in a most summary and heartless fashion. As the squall, or hurricane rather, swept over the city, the few men still at work on the interior of the Wigwam were startled by a strange sound. It smote their ears after the fashion of the unearthly yelling heard aloft in the rigging of a ship during a gale. First came a shrill shriek, then a deep roar, then a chorus of shrieks and roars, as if the inhabitants of a tropical forest were above their heads and were being goaded into madness by a thousand devils. Then came the rain, and what with the rain and the wind, and the roaring and yelling above, and the explosions that followed the broadsides of water on the huge canvas, the effect was such as one might fancy attributable to the thunder of a battle and a storm at sea uniting to make man seem small and insignificant.

Suddenly came an explosion so terrific that it hushed the thunderings of the elements, and set the poor fellows in the Wigwam quaking with fear. Some few of the ropes had broken, and a rent was made in the canvas. The tall spear of a circus pole that held the cloth snapped in two like a kite stick, with a report as of ordnance, and away went the mighty roof to the wind, sending up such a chorus of shrill noises as made the working-men inside believe that a hundred thousand cats and witches were certainly riding the storm over their heads. These noises would be indeed strangely surprising to any one unfamiliar with the effects of fierce wind through the masts and rigging of a ship at sea, and in this case the effect was practically duplicated. The canvas, once released from its restraints at several vital points, tore into the air, thundering and roaring and splitting the ear with piercing shrieks as the gale tore it into ribbons.

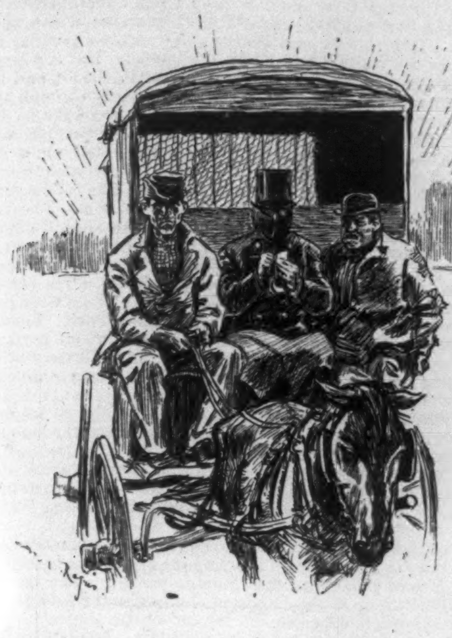
But the constructure of the Wigwam was good, and the building bore up against the tremendous strain upon it quite nobly. When the wind had calmed down, and the rain had ceased, and an opportunity was had to make an examination, it was found that the strong canvas had been rent like so much tissue-paper. Then it was decided by the builders to run the roof over on supports, and fill in the top with proper skylights. It was a cause of some delay, and stood in the way of the original design of making the Wigwam a very prettily decorated affair inside. However, the Chicago Democrats have worked so faithfully and so uncompromisingly that they cannot be too much praised, even if the lake gale has interfered just a little with the execution of their first intentions.

In size the Wigwam is not small. Its dimensions are 400 feet long by 260 feet wide, and it is of a uniform height of 60 feet. Its length lies to the north and the south. About 1,400,000 feet of lumber has been consumed in the building of it, and, as may be imagined, the interior is roomy. The place can easily accommodate 20,000 people. The interior is an amphitheatre with two galleries, each having 38 rows of seats. The floor space in the centre will be used by the delegates. On the west side of the floor rises the rostrum, and at each side of the chairman's platform are raised steps for the accommodation of the press. The entrances to the second tier, or gallery, are on the northern and southern outside walls, and are approached by grand flights of stairs.

M. A. LANE.



HON. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. BELL.

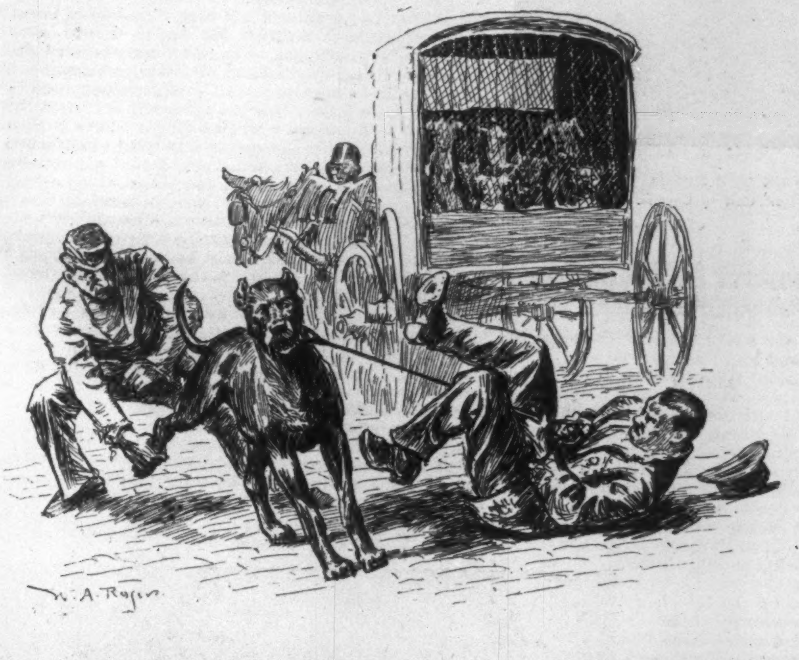


## DOG-HUNTING IN NEW YORK.

While the daily press is filled with the doings of hunters all over the world, and while an unprecedented amount of valuable space is being given to out-door sports, one never sees a word about the most exciting sport to be found in this vicinity—the noble sport of dog-hunting.

Yet it is pursued week in and week out in the streets of the metropolis, in winter as well as in midsummer.

It is probable that several circumstances have contributed to the obscurity amid which dog-hunters pursue their avocation. They are not members of fashionable society; they do not dress after the English mode; no bugle sounds their tally-ho; no bang-tailed hunters bound under their spurs. Instead, they are humble men, wearing each several suits of very humble clothes, and riding on very disreputable wagons, drawn by mysteriously formed quadrupeds of crablike gait.



But, worse than all else, these hunters work for gold. The city pays them forty cents for every dog they capture, and that is their sole incentive.

The hunt begins before daylight, say six o'clock in the winter-time and three o'clock in the summer. The party ordinarily consists of two men with one horse and a covered wagon—an old baker's wagon—with a strong wire grating closing the rear, and a trap-door closing the front. This trap-door is about eighteen inches high and extends the full width of the wagon front. The hinges are on its lower side, so that it will fall down and remain open when its fastenings are removed.

The dogs are caught with the bare hands, the men making no more of being bitten than if the animals were mosquitoes. Their hands, arms, and legs are scarred with canine teeth, yet hydrophobia is unknown and unfeared among them. Once in a while some greenhorn dog-catcher uses a net, and goes charging about on a wagon like a lunatic polo-player, but he is derided alike by men and dogs, and soon finds there is nothing like the bare hands. The animals thus caught are of all kinds, big and little, old and young, gentle and simple, grave and gay, male and female. Some are like raging demons, and therein lies the opportunity for adventure.

To amateur sportsmen who may desire to try this new source of excitement and adventure a few suggestions may be of service:

1. As you approach the dog, look him square in the eye and smile.
2. Make some remark about his health or good appearance.
3. Have your right arm extended its full length.
4. Seize one of his hind legs in your right hand, whirl him swiftly up in the air and round and round your head.
5. Keep whirling him swiftly till you are able to throw him into your enclosed wagon.

A course of Indian-club swinging should precede the first efforts of the amateur; but if the directions given above are closely followed there is no danger in ninety per cent. of cases. In the other ten per cent. the hunters will probably be used by bull-dogs as exceptions to prove the rule. In the year 1890, 8556 dogs were caught. To the end of July of last year, 4823 dogs were impounded, of which number 4414 were destroyed, and the remainder redeemed by payment of $3 each.

In order to thoroughly acquaint himself with dog-hunting, the writer sought and obtained the acquaintance of Mike, Barney, and Ben Butler, and they made up a party that beat up western Harlem at daylight one another morning. Mike and Barney are men, and Ben Butler is all that remains of a horse. The writer sat on the front seat of the covered wagon, between Mike and Barney. Mike is a thick-set, short-haired, black-mustached, and snub-nosed young man. Barney is tall, rawboned, loose-jointed, and sharp-featured. Both have hoarse voices and weather-beaten faces.

The first victim was encountered just as the first faint flush of the Indian-summer dawn appeared. He sat upon a knoll by the road-side, a large uncouth hound, wailing and complaining to the declining moon. He was shaking his big ears, and mouthing over a rhapsody like a true-born poet. He drew his breath in long gasps, and opening his cavernous mouth, sang to Diana with all the shuddering earnestness and fine frenzy of a Keats. As nearly as we could make out, this is what he was saying:

"O moon! O gentle moon! O mistress mine!
List to my plaint, for I am wholly thine.
A lovesick swain am I of low degree;
Fair queen of night, have pity upon me."

But the goddess did not heed. At the very moment of his petitioning, Barney seized him by the loose skin of the neck. He looked up in dumb wonderment, and was hustled into the wagon before his wits returned. The men climbed upon the front seat, and Ben Butler set his creaking limbs in motion.

"Click! Gid-a-ap, you blank mossback! gid-a-a-a-ap!"

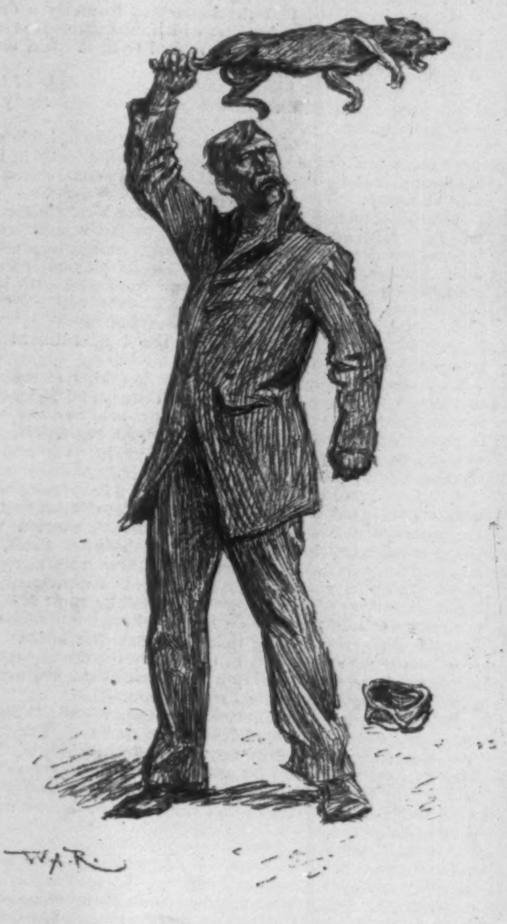
The horse flirted his ears backward and forward, but made no effort to increase his pace. Barney addressed some very insulting language to him, and beat him with the lines. Just as the wagon turned into the Boulevard, Ben Butler was halted. A little black dog stood on the door-step of a shanty; beside him a long lank yellow brute was lazily stretching himself, while a rough-coated brown tyke was coming round the corner.

"Gee, Mike! Here's t'ree at a lick!" shouted Barney, jumping down. Mike tumbled after him. The horse began to graze. The men walked quietly toward the shanty. The little black dog danced about on three legs, barking furiously. The yellow dog walked up to Mike, to make his acquaintance, and Mike patted his head, and seemed to grow very fond of him all at once. Meanwhile Barney had made up to the brown nondescript, and got a firm grasp on him. It was easy enough to persuade the dogs to visit the wagon, where the poor hound sat in lonely melancholy. Soon Barney had his prize tied to one of the wagon wheels, and then both men turned their attention to the yellow cur.

Suddenly a gleam of intelligence seemed to penetrate the latter. He began to wrestle and growl. Mike lifted him off his feet, and with flashing eyes and open jaws he snapped right and left and struggled to bite. He howled in every note of his vocal register.

The black dog never for a moment stopped barking and charging at the heels of the dog-catchers. Several times the men made swift snatches at him, but he bounded aside very cleverly. The brown dog was giving voice in sharp staccato notes, and the hound laid his head back and gasped out deep moans. The effect was Wagnerian.

Presently the black dog grew too venturesome, and Barney, by a lightninglike dash, seized his hind leg. The little fellow curled up to bite, but Barney swung him round and round his head as a plainsman swings a lariat, and threw him through the trap-door over the seat. He lit on his back, and wailed like a banshee.



The shanty-dwellers were roused by the noise.

"Hey, Kelly! Hey, Sullivan! Here's de dog-catchers!"

"Hey, Grimsey, dey's got your dog."

From every shack of boards among the rocks men, women, and boys were starting up, all hostile.

When Dooley, who owned the black dog, saw it in the cage he threw his hat on the ground, spit on his hands, hitched up his trousers, and swore horribly.

"Slug 'em, Dooley! We're wid ye," said the mob.

But Dooley was one of those who do not go to war without adequate preparation. He finished swearing, and was dancing round his prostrate hat, getting himself thoroughly indignant, when the dog-catchers got both their prizes in the wagon and were ready to move.

Mike seized the reins and Barney snatched up a little white and yellow dog belonging to a very stout lady, who was superintending matters with great volubility.

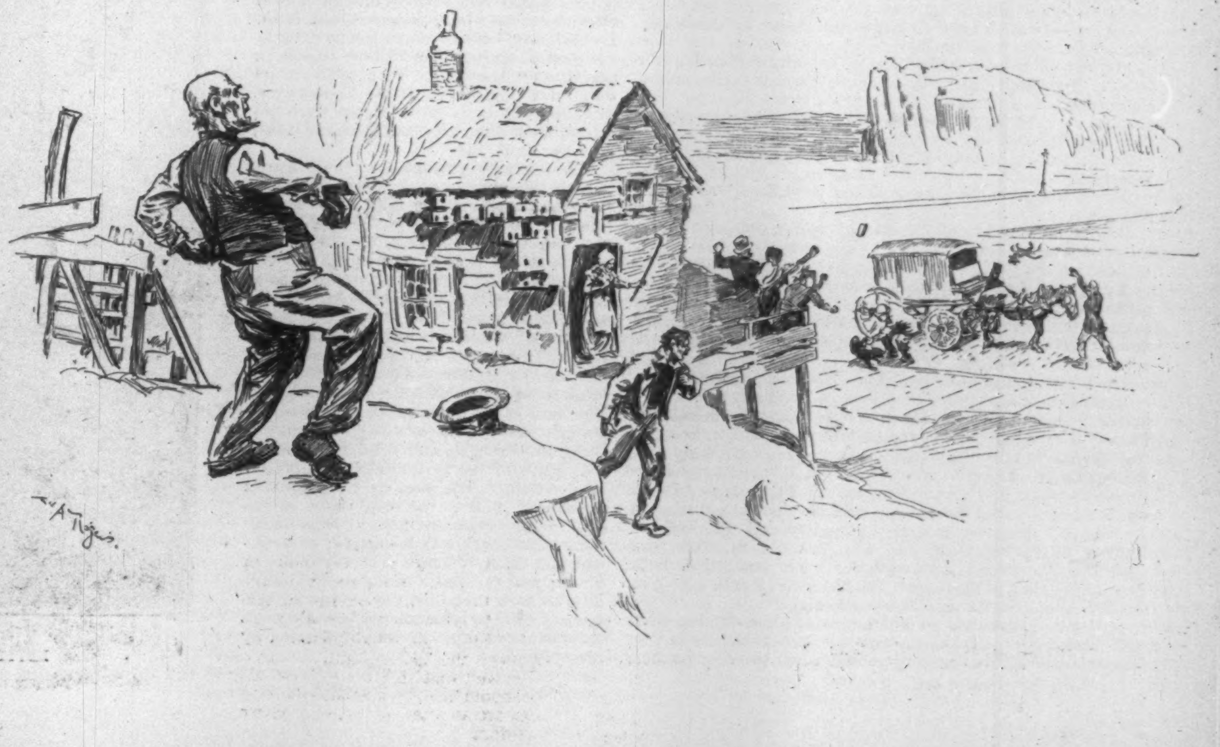
The woman charged with a scream like an African elephant tearing through a cane field.

The horse was already in motion, but not going fast enough for safety; the stout woman caught the tail-board and hung on, screaming, cursing, and threatening with all her might, till the black dog reached his nose through the bars and began to chew her hands.

She gave a terrific yell, and called all her neighbors to witness that the dog-catchers had stabbed her.

Stones now rattled all about, and the mob was becoming large and troublesome.

Shaking the reins had no effect on Ben, so Mike reached



one leg over the dash-board and gave him a couple of hearty kicks.

In response to this invitation the hind legs immediately began to go very fast, but the fore legs did not seem to consider it any of their business, and continued walking. Then Mike hit one of the fore legs with half a brick. That settled it, and the whole animal went off on a palsied gallop.

"Look at him go, Barney!" said Mike, proudly. "He's good for the track yet."

Barney explained that the horse was formerly a distinguished hurdle-jumper, but met with a misfortune that made him bowlegged in front. He retired from the turf on account of hostile criticism.

After running six blocks, and making a couple of turnings, the wagon shook off the mob, and was ready for business again.

Near the window of a little house by the road-side sat a gray and white dog with a good deal of collie blood in him. He smiled blandly at Barney, but refused to come out and be interviewed.

Ten minutes were lost in trying to coax him. Then Barney gave him up, and turning back to the wagon almost tumbled over a big splay-footed, shaggy-haired pup with a weak, good-natured face. He only braced his feet and shut his eyes when seized. Barney threw him head over heels into the cage. He got up, shook himself, and solemnly took a seat beside the hound in the orchestra circle, where he could look out of the grating. He seemed thankful to find himself still alive.

Two big black dogs sat on the hill laughing at the way the splay-footed pup was captured. Barney and Mike tried in vain to stalk them. They allowed the men to come within snatching distance. Then they dodged, ran half a mile across lots, and sat down side by side again, as if inviting the chase. They were charged up to profit and loss.

A little red and black dog, who lived in a neat frame house with a front garden full of flowers, was the next attraction. He came out and had a quarter of an hour's exercise with the dog-catchers, dodging in and out between them, and evading their attempts to seize him with wonderful cleverness. The men gave him up at last, but meantime caught three other dogs who had come to watch the sport and pass remarks. One of these was a big Newfoundland, who went into the cage with a bang that frightened the horse. The Newfoundland apologized to the others for the abruptness of his entrance, and securing a good seat at the grating, began to stare out with perfect satisfaction.

Pointing to a dilapidated shanty Barney said: "There's the house where Mary and Kitty used to live. They were two old women who had nearly a hundred dogs. They used to feed the brutes on swill. The dogs were savage, and would bite the heads off us if they got a chance; we took thirty-eight of them, and then the old ladies moved over to Brooklyn."

"Look!" said Mike, suddenly.

There was game all around. A white spitz dog was standing ten yards away; a black dog with shadowy characteristics of collie, Newfoundland, mastiff, and spaniel was coming out of a gate, and a big shaggy gray and white cur was tramping across lots in the direction of the wagon.

Mike had the true sporting blood in him. He was down from his seat in an instant. The spitz dog looked insolent and defiant, but dodged away, barking and threatening. It got in its owner's yard, and kept up a terrible tirade of abuse. The gray and white cur was soon made a prisoner, but the black dog flew off like a bullet from a gun. Barney turned to a fine Newfoundland dog who was jumping up and down on a well-kept lawn, scolding and barking, and incited him to jump the fence. The dog was just about to do so, when his owner came out of the house and called him back.

The wagon moved two blocks, and found another fine game country at a point where a butcher shop and a tavern stand side by side. This is a kind of club for the dogs of the neighborhood. They board at the butcher shop and sleep at the tavern. Two big black brutes, whose composite origin was shown in every limb and feature, were blinking drowsily on the tavern steps. They had whiskers on their feet and big white stars on their breasts. They paid no attention to the dog-catchers till one was seized by the hind leg and the other by the neck. A look of astonishment appeared in their *blasé*, overfed faces. Then they tried to curl up and bite. They shrieked and growled like maniacs. They were as mad as all Bloomingdale. The language they used was vile. The row drew a crowd, but the dogs were tramps, and nobody had a word to say in their behalf, till two stout fussy little lady dogs pushed their way through the throng and began bossing things in strident voices. They danced, barked, and growled, and made a great uproar, till Barney seized each by a hind leg. Then they were frightened, and their screams could be heard a block. They went in quick succession through the top of the cage, and a moment later the black fellow followed.

The crowd had swelled to large dimensions by this time; some of the dogs had friends.

"Oh, look!" cried a little girl. "They've got Mr. Meyer's Jessie. Poor dog! She was so good, too, and such a smart little thing!"

"They ought to get their heads punched," said a youth who stood far back on the sidewalk.

"It's a shame the way they treat those dogs," exclaimed a woman.

"They'll get a licking for it one of these days," remarked another woman.

People ran about in all directions warning the dogs off the street, and as the wagon drove away a row of unlicensed canines grinned at it out of the second-story windows.

A trot of eight blocks and one or two turns shook off the crowd, and dogs were thick again. A disreputable gray vagrant with a long beard, and a thick-bodied mass of black hair which would pass for anything from a sloth-bear to a porcupine, was caught.

Then noble game hove in sight. It was a Siberian bloodhound. The men approached him one on each side. The hound looked disdainful, for he was big enough to eat both. Barney reached him first, and seized him behind the ears. The hound knocked him down, and dragged him along, but Barney hung on, and in another second Mike had the strap round his neck, and was pulling on it. Then Barney let go the neck, and seized a hind leg, and they got the animal to the wagon. Here he struggled furiously, and knocked the hunters down, bounding one way and then another, and growling like a lion. It needed all the strength of both men to lift him in the cage. He fell heavily on a group of his fellow-captives, who howled dismally.

A bull-dog came out of a gate near at hand to hear what was the matter. He was a war-worn hero, both ears having been chewed off, but he only smiled when the dog-catchers laid hands on him. He thought they were admiring his fine physique, and never suspected their evil designs till they opened the door of the wagon and threw him in on top of the blood-hound. Then the bull-dog's rage knew no bound. He and the blood-hound began to fight like two toughs at a picnic of the Friendship Association. All the other dogs screamed murder, and the only adequate comparison for the wagon and its contents as it rattled down the street is Rabelais's "seven cart-loads of devils."

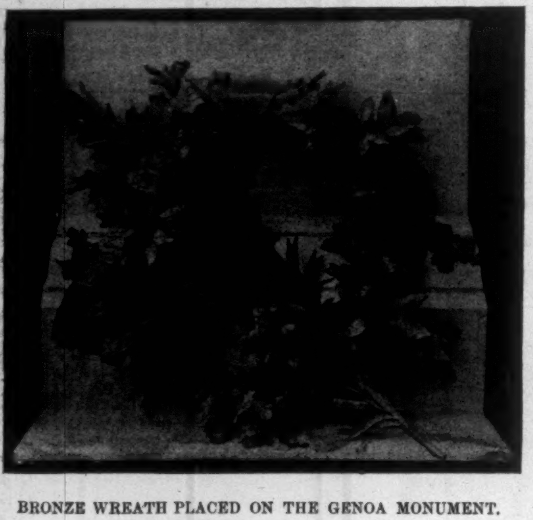
The noise was awful; it included all the known harsh and discordant sounds, and many others previously unknown and unclassified.

An evil-eyed brindle dog, who was part bull, gave the hunters the worst fight of the day. He was very suspicious, and when caught, squirmed like an eel, snapping at hands, feet, and legs. His teeth were like razors in the hands of defeated candidates at a cake-walk. He bit Mike twice, and got a sample of Barney, but they threw him in the cage at last, after choking him for five minutes against the wagon wheel.

The hunt concluded at eight o'clock in the morning, with a total catch of forty-four dogs, worth $17 60.

The captured dogs are kept three days in the pound at 102d Street, on the East River. At the end of that period all those not redeemed by payment of three dollars are put in an air-tight box, and illuminating gas is turned on, which soon kills them.

SYDNEY REID.



BRONZE WREATH PLACED ON THE GENOA MONUMENT.
Burlando, Sculptor. Cast by Caprile.

# THE COLUMBUS FESTIVAL AT GENOA.

### BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

FOR a festival, no city in the world, not even Paris, enters into that with more heart and soul than does Genoa. The Genoese is a born impressario. With the least effort and a shred of decoration his superb city responds, beams, and glows. Make a background with the Apennines, then a city gradually rising from the sea, pile up magnificent palaces, with winding ascents to them, throw in the fine trees, take advantage of all such happy accidents as the land possesses, put in a bright sky, and in addition the presence of enthusiastic actors, and what more could the picturesque ask for? But then there is the art feeling which chastens the *mise en scène*, and so all these render Genoa past mistress in the difficult business of festival-making.

There will be celebrated on the 1st of July, in Genoa, the fourth centenary of the discovery of America, and a grand Italo-American exhibition will be opened in the city on that day, on which occasion the King and Queen of Italy will be present.

Genoa claims with the largest presumption of proof that Christopher Columbus was born there. The best of historical and antiquarian research tends to show that in a house, the No. 37 in the Vico Dritto Ponticello, lived Domenico Colombo, the father of Christopher, and that in this house the Great Admiral was born. In 1887 the Genoese municipality bought the house, and an inscription has been placed over the door. To give the exact date of Christopher's birth is, however, difficult, but it is believed to have occurred some time between March 15, 1446, and March 20, 1447.

The festival represented by the illustrations in this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY is to be classed as the initial movement, which is to culminate in the opening of the exhibition buildings on the 1st of next month. On the 29th of May, under the auspices of Ligunan Gymnastic Society Cristofore Columbo, a bronze wreath was placed at the base of that Columbus monument which was erected in Genoa in 1862. This fine work of art stands near the railway station. At the feet of Columbus the figure of America is kneeling. The base of the monument has four allegorical figures, representing Geography, Religion, Strength, and Wisdom. On the four sides of the pedestal are sculptured bass-reliefs. The first is Columbus at Salamanca, telling the wise men of his day of schemes they deemed impossible; the second one shows his arrival in America; the third, Columbus at the court of Spain; and the last, Columbus in chains. It is as well that this, the saddest of episodes, should be remembered, because great actions are as often as not emphasized by martyrdom.

The Ligunan Gymnastic Society Cristofore Columbo is an association which cultivates athletic exercises, music, and, above all, patriotism and charity. To awaken popular interest in the coming exhibition, the society had a bronze wreath made by the well-known sculptor Burlando, and fitting ceremonies took place, with a procession through the streets, before affixing the wreath at the base of the monument. The wreath which weighed some 500 pounds, was carried by a figure representing Genoa seated on a triumphal car. There were 7000 members of the society present, with not less than 50 bands of music. The ceremonies, beginning at 10 A.M., were concluded at 4 P.M. The last act was a hymn, sung by 2000 voices, with superb effect. Then, by means of machinery, the bronze crown was put in its proper position. Never was Genoa in a gayer humor, nor could the day have been more propitious. The streets were decorated with flowers and banners. There were representatives from Rome, Florence, Milan, Turin, Venice, Naples, Leghorn, Palermo, and visitors from all parts of Europe and America. In the evening only did the festivities close with a grand dinner given by the Genoese municipality.

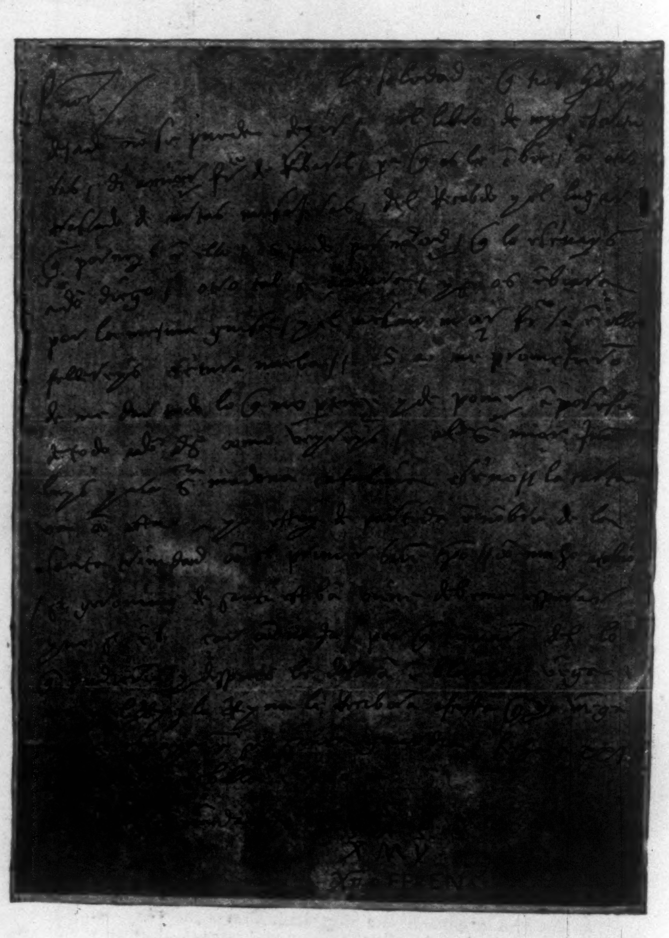
In this, the glorification of the grand old city of Liguna, was united that of its most memorable man Christopher Columbus, for that mediæval feeling, when cities had almost individual personalities, is still a civic sense alive in Genoa. She rejoices in the illustrious men born within her walls with a sentiment akin to that of a mother for her son.

In an artistic sense, nothing could have been more complete than this festival. Throwing the eye upwards, beyond the figure of Columbus, the frame is perfect. The slanting ways leading up to the handsome houses on the background are wonderfully effective.

Genoa is rich in the relics of Columbus. In the City Hall of Genoa is a mosaic portrait of the Admiral, somewhat modified from the De Bry's Columbus. No one has as yet decided which is the authentic portrait of Columbus, and perhaps we have created one. If the Duke of Veragua is to be credited, the Yanez picture is the oldest Spanish portrait of Columbus. It was discovered in Granada in 1763, and when cleaned showed lettering declaring it to be a picture of Columbus. Giulio Romano's pictures of Columbus and Vespucci, in two medallions belonging to the Genoese municipality, are among its choicest treasures. The head of Columbus follows somewhat the method of the painter. The bust of Columbus is taken from one in terra-cotta modelled by the sculptor Bozzano. It is closer to the latter-day conventional type of Columbus.

It cannot be questioned but that Christopher Columbus was a voluminous writer. Mr. Justin Winsor, who has made careful researches, says that "ninety-seven distinct pieces of writing by the hand of Columbus either exist or are known to have existed. Of such, whether memoirs, relations, or letters, sixty-four are preserved in their entirety." Columbus seems to have written all his letters in Spanish. Genoa is fortunate in possessing a number of authentic letters, and these are preserved in a marble custodia, surmounted by a head of Columbus. In the pillar which forms the pedestal there is a bronze door, and the precious Columbus documents have been placed there. The letter which is shown below an exact photographic copy of one sent by Columbus to his son in 1502. It is known that in April, 1502, Columbus addressed a letter to the Bank of St. George, in Genoa.

It was in 1502 that the fourth voyage was undertaken, and his departure took place some time between May 9th and 11th, and he reached Martinino (Martinico) about the middle of June. He was absent on this voyage for quite two and a half years, as he entered the port of San Lucar, November 7, 1504. Broken down in health, Columbus was to have such poor assistance as Queen Isabella could give him withdrawn by her death, which took place in 1504. Columbus died May 20, 1506. The signature has its peculiarities, being made up of the three Greek characters, χρο, and Ferens, forming a pious reference to the saint.



LETTER FROM COLUMBUS TO HIS SON.

## WHEN THE TIME CAME.

BY THOMAS WINTHROP HALL.

"Oh, if Dick would only do *something!*" sighed Millicent, very softly, to herself. "I do believe if it were nothing more than getting run over by a carriage—a very light carriage with nobody in it, so he would not really be hurt very much—that papa would be so pleased he would let us marry each other, after all. But Dick won't. I'm afraid he'll never do anything. He never has." And then she looked over at Dick, who sat very meekly on the other side of the room twirling his gloves listlessly, and she pouted.

"I suppose you are pouting at me?" said Dick.

"Yes," she answered.

"I'm sorry," he continued. "I suppose it's because I don't amount to anything?"

"Of course it is, Dick," she answered.

"Well, what in the world can I amount to?" asked Dick, dejectedly. "I cannot go and make a fortune, for I'm rich already. I can't found a great family, because ours has been as good a one for centuries as a fellow can wish, and, besides, that would take too long. I haven't the talent to be an artist. I haven't brains enough to be a professional man. Every one agrees on that. I am too small to be a soldier. And if I went into business, it would only be a question of time before I'd lose my money instead of making any. They all agree on that too. All I can be is a gentleman, and no one seems to care anything about a gentleman any more. I believe your father would like me better if I were an adventurer."

"Oh no, he wouldn't," interrupted Millicent. "But the Colonel would like to see you once in a while without such awfully good clothes on. Papa has had a hard struggle in this world, and he doesn't seem to have any confidence in any one who has not had. He is always talking about the duty a man owes to the world to do something for it."

"I would be willing to do anything for the world I could, Millicent, but I don't know what to do, and I don't believe I could do it if I did know."

"I believe if you had got angry and called him names when he refused to let me marry you, he would have turned right around and said yes. But all you did was to pick up your hat and gloves, and bow very politely, and say good-evening, and walk out. That's no way to handle papa; he needs an iron hand, and he gets it occasionally from his only daughter, too." Here Millicent shook her head emphatically.

"But I respect your father too much, Milly, to say anything mean to him, and if I had, then he wouldn't have let me come to see you any more, and that would have been more than I could have stood."

"You're not like other men, Dick?"

"No, I'm afraid not. I suppose that's why they call me a dude. But I'm not a dude; I'm not silly. I can't get my clothes soiled, no matter how I try, and as I never seem to wear them out, I haven't got any that look like old ones. The fact is, I can't help looking like what I am—a boy who has been brought up in a kid glove. If I wore blue jeans and a flannel shirt they'd always look new."

"Why couldn't you get into a fight with some one?" suggested Millicent, desperately.

"I'm afraid no one would fight with me, I'm so small," he answered.

"Papa was awfully delighted with the butcher's boy and the grocery boy the other day when they got into a fight in our back yard. It frightened me; but the Colonel went out and gave them each a dollar, and laughed all the rest of the afternoon about it."

"I might get the boxing-master at the club to give me a black eye; I don't suppose it would hurt very much. But if I did, the Colonel would find out that I didn't get it in a fight, and he would think that I had been trying to deceive him."

"Dick," said Millicent, seriously, "I wonder if you are afraid?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Afraid of the dark or of danger, or anything like that—for instance, I'm afraid of the dark."

"No," answered Dick; "I don't think I am afraid of the dark. I don't know about anything else, for I don't believe I ever had anything to be afraid of."

Millicent sighed again very softly to herself. It was rather a hard state of affairs. Here was the man she wanted to marry; just the kind of a man she, with her imperious ways, could get along with beautifully; a boy whom she had known all her life; whose father had been her father's friend; whose mother had been her dead mother's friend; and a man, too, whom she loved—and always had—since she was a little girl in short dresses and he a boy in knee-trousers, and they could not get married because, in the eyes of her father, he didn't amount to anything. Would he ever amount to anything? What did she care? Was he brave and manly? What did she care? Was he brave and manly? The question gave her an inspiration. It wouldn't be much of a trial, but it would at least be a little bit of fun; and all they had done in all their courtship was to sit on opposite sides of the parlor and talk to each other. She rose and went out into the hall. Dick eyed her as she went out, but he never questioned anything she did, so he said nothing. She walked back to the stairs leading to the basement and looked down. Everything was satisfactorily dark. The light in the lower hall had been turned out, and from this she knew that the servants had gone to bed. It was nearly midnight she noticed by the dining-room clock. With a satisfied smile she walked on tiptoe and with a great pretence of fright back to the parlor.

"Dick," she said, in a whisper that seemed quite terrified, "I heard some one down-stairs, and I'm afraid it's a burglar. Would you just as lief go and see?"

"With pleasure," he said, in that calmly polite way he never forgot.

She smiled as she noticed that he carried his gloves in his hand just as he would on the street, and felt unconsciously of his necktie to see if it were adjusted correctly. Dick walked to the head of the back stairs, while she remained in the parlor peering out, half hidden by the portière. He leaned far over and listened intently.

"Do you hear anything?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Yes," he answered.

She smiled. "What does it sound like?" she continued.

"Like a man sawing," he answered.

She had hard work to prevent herself from laughing outright. She had been in the identical spot where Dick now stood but a moment before, and she knew that the basement was as still as the grave. It was his frightened imagination; that was all. She would see the thing out. Perhaps Dick was afraid, after all. She whispered again,

"Do you want a revolver?" she asked.

"No," he answered. "I wouldn't know what to do with it if I had one." Then she saw him disappear down the stairs.

She went back into the parlor and picked up his hat. She smiled as she noticed how new it looked, just like everything else he had. Then she tried it on, and stood before the glass wondering if it wouldn't make a pretty riding-hat. She remembered that if any other man were to come back into the parlor and find her with his hat on her head, he would promptly demand a kiss, after the good old custom. But Dick—no, Dick would never think of such a thing, or dare to do it if he did. Presently she wondered why he was gone so long. He wasn't afraid of the dark, after all. He must have decided on a very thorough search. She wished her father would come down stairs and discover that Dick had at least done that much in the world. But no; she could hear her father walking up and down the room immediately above her, thinking of all sorts of things that he called important, but which did not interest her at all. She was just beginning to feel lonely, and to wish that Dick would get through and come back, when she heard a dull sound as though something heavy had fallen in the kitchen. There was silence for a moment after that, and then she heard a great crashing of glass, and she heard Dick calling lustily for the police. Her heart leaped up into her throat. She wanted to call to him to come back to her, as he loved her, but she could not utter a word. She ran to the front window in her fear, and threw it open. A stockily built fellow, who looked gigantic in the half-light of the street lamps, was just making his escape through the gate and down the street, while right underneath her, bareheaded, but still with his immaculate gloves in his hand, ran Dick after him, still calling at the top of his voice for a policeman. She saw them go, forty feet apart, down the street at the best speed they could make. She saw them disappear from the light of one street lamp and come out into the light of another twice, and then she saw the stockily built fellow wheel quickly around; she saw a little sharp line of flame; she heard a loud report; and then—she fainted.

It was but half an hour later that a cab drove up to the Colonel's door, and Dick alighted—not the immaculately clad Dick that he usually was, but Dick with a bloody handkerchief tied around his head, and with much dirt on his trousers, and his necktie all awry, and with no gloves at all. He did not have to ring at the door, for it was opened ere he was half-way up the front steps by the Colonel himself, who came out with his great grizzled hand outstretched toward him.

"I came back to get my hat and overcoat," Dick began to apologize.

"No, you didn't," said the Colonel, shaking his hand heartily. "You came back to see Millicent. Did you get the fellow?"

"Yes, sir; a policeman caught him eventually, and he's in the station-house now."

"We'll attend to him to-morrow," said the Colonel. "In the mean time come in and see your sweetheart. She fainted; and I'll tell you right here that if you expect to wear a hat away from this house to-night, it will have to be one of mine, for she has hugged that one of yours ever since the alarm was given, and it's rather out of shape."

Millicent, still very pale, was reclining in an easy-chair when Dick entered, and a maid was rubbing her temples. She looked very much as though she wanted to cry. Undoubtedly she had been crying.

"Good evening, Milly," said Dick.

"Oh, Dick! did he hurt you?" she asked.

"He hit me over the head with something down in the kitchen just as I discovered him. But don't worry; the doctor said it wouldn't amount to anything."

And then, of course, Millicent did cry. And Dick stood staring at her and looking very foolish, and very much as though, as usual, he did not know what to do. And probably he would still be standing there if the Colonel, in his gruff voice, hadn't said to him:

"Go over and kiss her, my boy. Don't you see that's what she wants?"

"But I'm all blood and dirt," apologized Dick.

"Blood and dirt!" roared the Colonel. "Blood and dirt! You ought to be proud of it. Why, you're the first member of your line who has had any blood and dirt on him since your great-grandfather was wounded at Bunker Hill. Go and kiss her."

And Dick did, and it seemed to him that Fortune had suddenly concluded to shower on him all her blessings, when he heard the Colonel saying, as he went out of the room:

"I'll give you two just half an hour to decide when you are going to get married, and then you must say good-night."

## EXPERT WEATHER TESTIMONY.

If there is anything in the old adage that "practice makes perfect," Sergeant Dunn, the clerk of the Weather Bureau on top of the Equitable Building, in New York city, ought to be nearly perfect as an expert witness on the weather.

Probably no lawyer in the city has so intimate an acquaintance with all the courts in town as Sergeant Dunn has. He is called upon to testify on an average of more than once every day in the year. His experience ranges from the district courts, where all the petty cases are tried, to the State Supreme Court, and he is often called to the United States courts.

The broad range of the suits in which he testifies is, in fact, quite marvellous. For example, the most common of the cases in which his services are needed are those resulting from accidents on slippery sidewalks, where a person slips on the ice and falls, and then sues the owner of the premises for heavy damages. Often the testimony of the clerk of the Weather Bureau in these cases, is vital, and sometimes practically decides the suit. The plaintiff perhaps broke an arm or a leg. The defendant gets Sergeant Dunn to search his records, and possibly he finds that the weather had been so warm at the time and immediately preceding the accident that it would be impossible for ice to have formed on the sidewalk. This testimony invariably has a strong influence on the jury, and the case often hinges on it.

Again, a merchant sues a warehouseman or a railroad company for carelessly leaving his goods out-of-doors in a storm, so they are damaged. The defendant possibly gets the testimony of the clerk of the Weather Bureau to the effect that there was no storm while the goods were in his hands, and the counsel leads the jury to believe that the damage was done in consequence of the inherent defect in the merchandise itself. Such an inference is usually a strong argument in the minds of the jury.

Sergeant Dunn is also often called as a witness in a class of cases which are of much more serious nature than those already mentioned. A good many of these arise from accidents in the harbor, where "weather" plays an important part. Not only are thousands of dollars' worth of property destroyed, but many lives are lost, and the question of criminal carelessness comes up. The result of a criminal prosecution against a pilot may turn on the testimony of Sergeant Dunn. The defendant swears that the day, or night, as the case may be, was rainy and foggy, and depends on the condition of the weather to excuse him from responsibility for the loss of life. He is a happy man if Sergeant Dunn corroborates him in this contention. He is correspondingly unhappy if the testimony of the weather expert is against him.

## GLEN ALAMATUNK.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

"Awe, my young frien', you've l'arned neow thet w'at a man *kin* see any day for nawthin', childern half price, he never *doos* see. Nawthin' pay, nawthin' vally."

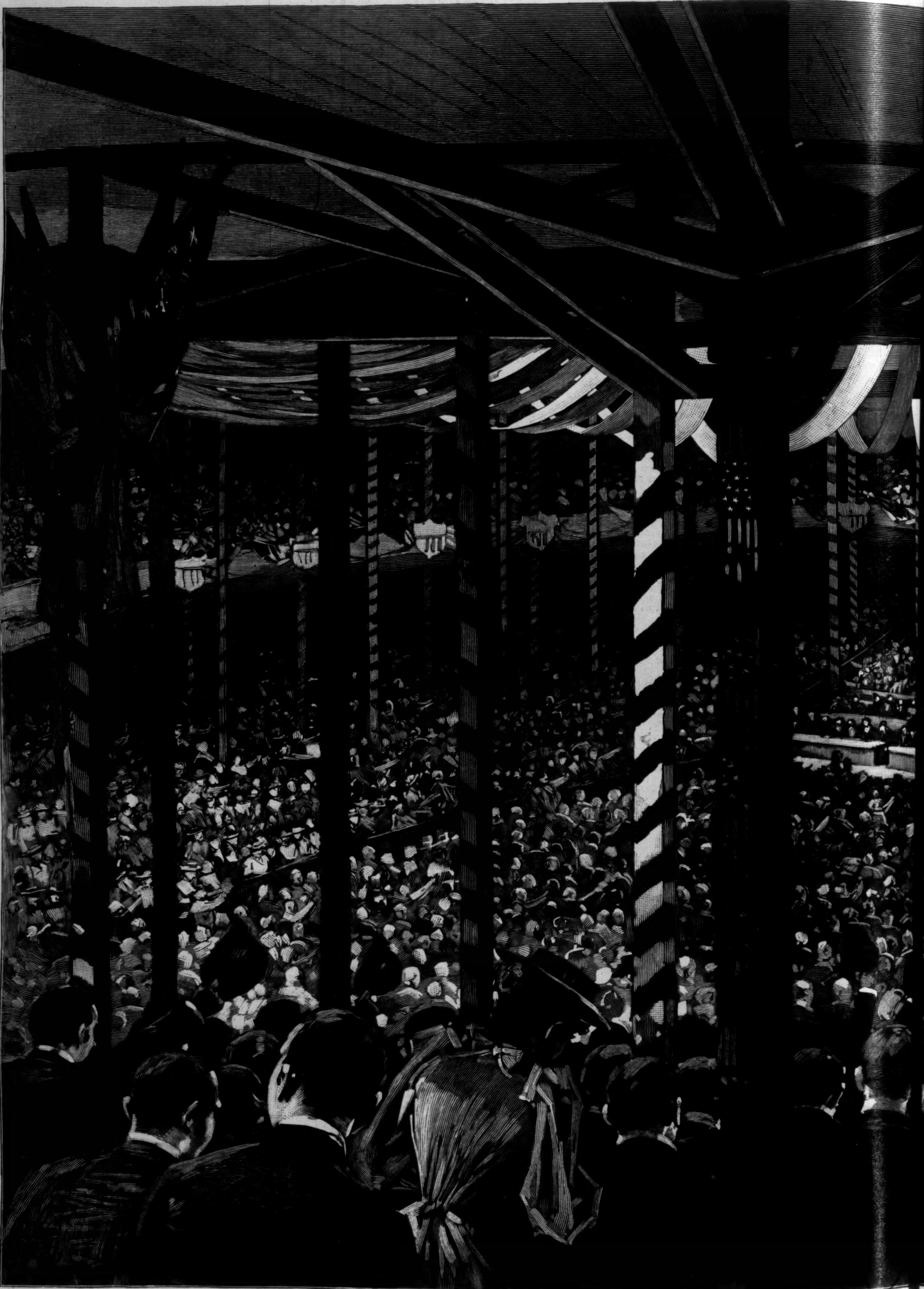
Fifty-eight years ago James Russell Lowell, while walking through Franconia Notch, interrupted an old man in his occupation of feeding gradual logs to the unwearied teeth of a saw to ask him the best view for the Old Man of the Mountain. "Dun'no'; never see it," responded the old man; and then, Yankeelike, set to asking young Lowell questions. To one of these Lowell was obliged to answer that though he was from Boston, he did not often go to Bunker Hill. Then the old man ended the conversation with the remark quoted in the beginning.

I recalled this incident when I visited, the other day, a lovely spot within my own neighborhood, though previously unknown to me, and entirely unappreciated by the people who have spent a lifetime in that section of northern New Jersey. I recalled also having often heard that many persons living very near to the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky lived all their lives without visiting that great natural wonder. It was as the old sawyer said in the woods, "Nawthin' pay, nawthin' vally."

This glen that I have just visited for the first time is in northern New Jersey, and in the falls of Alamatunk, or Black River, the three counties of Morris, Hunterdon, and Somerset corner. Any one who will look at a map of New Jersey will be able to locate the spot exactly. Near by is the little village of Pottersville, which has grown in two or three generations about the several mills that are run by the waters of this river. The mill-race was made so long ago and is really so small an affair, after all, that it detracts neither from the wildness nor the beauty of the gorge through which the river runs. When a waterfall is very large it is grand, imposing, impressive, rather than beautiful. This waterfall and tumbling stream is beautiful, though it is neither grand nor imposing. But its beauty strikes a visitor at once, and the impression is one that abides long after the visit is over. But the water struggling over and around the rocks is not the only element of beauty. This is a gorge cut by some melting glacier perhaps, and through it flows the little Black River—Alamatunk, as the Indians called it—into the Lamington River, one of the chief tributaries of the Raritan. The gorge is very narrow, and the banks rise on either side to a height of four or five hundred feet, the slant being easy enough for fine forest-trees to have flourished, and so steep that the adventuresome climber will conclude, before the top is reached, that the hill is a good bit of a mountain.

The ground is covered with ferns and wild flowers from the summit of the hills to the water's edge. When I was there the other day the dogwood was in bloom all along the hill-sides. And beneath trees on the ground and among the ferns the anemones and the modest violets made a carpet fit for fairy feet. There is little or no underbrush, and standing on one side, a visitor can look almost to the top of the hills beneath the branches of the trees, and it seems like a vast and peculiarly shaped room carpeted with flowers, roofed with the interlacing branches of trees, and walled in by the skies. Looking to the opposite side of the stream, this vista is not seen, but only the tree-tops—the roof of this house for fairies. In the stream itself, here are troubled waters made by swirl and eddy, there a quiet pool away from the strife of the hurrying stream, and protected by a huge wall of rock. For half of a mile or so, up and down, these are repeated, ever in a new form, and then the little river tumbles into a sluggish stream in the low lands, that goes lazily on towards the sea through meadow-lands and cultivated fields, in a fashion so tame and prosaic that it seems impossible that into its unruffled bosom had just been emptied so much of the poetry of motion and of fantastic activity.

I have, when travelling in Europe, gone a day's journey out of my way to see places not nearly so beautiful as this. The artists in New York take long trips to find material for their sketch-books, while here almost at their doors is every variety, and as yet all untouched—vernal, virginal. Of course it is the fault of no one that this spot should have remained so long unknown to fame. To be away from a railroad in this bustling America, if it is only a few miles away, is to be almost out of the world. This glen until now has been in this solitary condition. The nearest railway, the Jersey Central, was some ten miles from Pottersville. This town of the hideous name now has a railway of its own, the railway I described in the columns of the Weekly some two years ago as having been built by the farmers themselves. Now, through the ministrations of the railway, the Black River Glen has been born into the world, and has really been discovered to these very farmers, who had lived nearly all their lives almost within sound of the tumbling waters without knowing of them. On still summer nights, when the winds did gently kiss the trees but made no noise, they have heard the music of the falling water, but have known not what it was. Nor did they care. They knew that at Pottersville there was a good water-power, but they inquired no further. The practical, the economic, was enough for them, and they made no journeys of discovery in search of the æsthetic. And it was a consideration of economy that finally discovered the glen and its falls to the world. The farmers, when they had become railway owners, learned that the more passengers a railway carried, the better it was for the shareholders. So betweentimes, when garden truck, fruits, and milk-cans were not being hauled to the city, it occurred to them that city people, and country folk too, might be profitably brought to commune with nature in the lovely glen I have tried to describe. And there it is, easy of access, and beautiful to see. There are no noisy hackmen or insolent guides to nearly worry existence out of a visitor. When the station is reached, the visitor takes a ten minutes' walk through the village, and is at the bottom of the glen. The visitor walks ahead with nothing to bewilder or perplex. You linger upon this stone or the other, and pass on as the fancy dictates, and in a few minutes you seem to be in the very heart of a primeval forest, and you look about in half anticipation of the war-cry of some Indian band angry that you should desecrate with your presence a spot once sacred to their most solemn rites.



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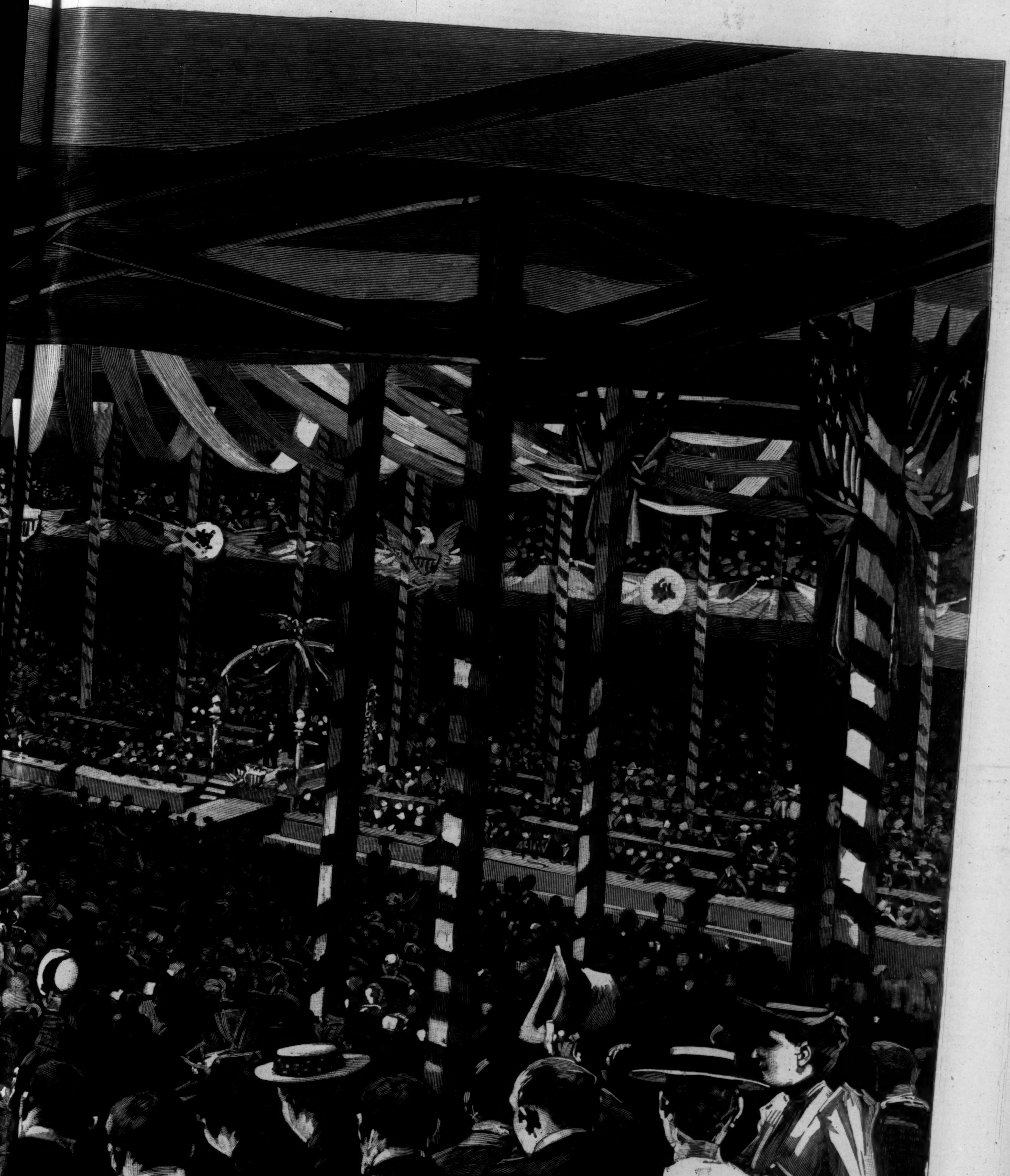


SESSION—Drawn by Thulstrup and Graham.—[See Page 604.]

## BLACK PETE'S CAPTIVITY.

BY CLARENCE PULLEN.

Before Bodfish's store at Cactus Station stood a two-mule team and loaded wagon. Upon the driver's seat Joe Dobbs was waiting to receive the last item of the supplies which he was to take to the Great Cinch Mine. Beside him, with shining ebony face, sat Peter Brayton, whom Joe had just engaged to serve as cook at the mining camp. Peter's mouth was flashing ivory impartially at everything humorous or otherwise that occurred within his ken; a millionaire might have envied his contentment, though all his worldly goods were contained in a flour sack tucked beneath the seat and in a round pasteboard box held carefully in his lap. In the box was his most cherished possession—a thing at that time an object of curiosity and invariable disrespect in Arizona—a high silk hat, which, tempting fate through ignorance, he was about to take with him to the camp in the Chiricahuas.

The clerk having filled a black quart bottle in accordance with directions given, corked it, and brought it, wrapped in a piece of gunny-sack, to the wagon. Joe laid the parcel carefully among the bacon sides and flour-sacks behind him, then gathered up the reins, halloed to the mules, and was off for the desert trail.

"Good luck!" called the clerk after him. "Keep your eye peeled for Injuns. Word came in this morning that some of the San Carlos Apaches are off the reservation."

At this friendly warning Joe sniffed contemptuously. The idea of anybody presuming to tell him—twelve months in the country, and one of the owners of the Great Cinch—anything about Apaches!

Despite heat and dust, the trip to the station for supplies was looked on as a pleasure excursion by Joe, a Missouri boy, who liked nothing better than to "whack" mules. The camp was a long day's journey away, and he called and cracked the whip often at his long-eared steeds to keep them to their pace. The route lay through an arid plain, its bareness varied by scanty tufts of grama, tall sand-grass, scattered clumps of mesquit, and many cactuses and yuccas.

Black Pete—to give Peter Brayton his usual and accepted title—was not pleased with the appearance of the country, which was new in his experience.

"It's po' lan', fur a fac', boss," he commented. "Nuthin' a-growin' but dem big prickly things and a han'ful o' grass. 'Pears like a mighty fine kentry ober dar, dough." And he looked approvingly toward the southern horizon, in which the mirage displayed a beautiful landscape of water-sheets, islands, and forests.

"Oh, over there!" said Joseph, grinning perfidiously, aside. "That's Mire-age Lake, an' the islan's where the oranges an' cocoanuts grow. Hit's close by the Great Cinch. We'll go a-sailin' there some day."

This romantic statement led Pete to ask more questions, in answer to which Joe told his "tenderfoot" passenger many astonishing things, for the truth of which I should not like to be held responsible.

About an hour after noon-time the wagon descended the side of a deep hollow winding through the desert, with a dry watercourse at its bottom, bordered by patches of tall brittle grass and two or three stunted cottonwood-trees. In the sandy channel, without visible inlet or overflow, spread the pool of muddy alkaline water known as Corundo Springs. Here the mules were unharnessed, watered, and fed with grain, and at a little fire of sticks and grass the two wayfarers cooked the bacon, bread, and coffee which served as their noonday repast.

"What's all dis talk agoin' 'bout Injuns, boss?" asked Peter, as he smoked his corn-cob pipe after the meal. "Dem 'Paches, dey say dey're mighty troublesome nowadays. Allus a-spyin' roun' waitin' ter s'prise yer, and den it's good-by, nigger. Dey'll burn yer feet, an' den dey'll sculp yer ha'r off'n yer head."

"Apaches!" said Joe, with lofty contempt. "That's talk fur tenderfeet. Yer safe ter gamble that thar ain't an Injun within a hundred miles o' hyar. The red devils know better'n to come whar we miners are. They don't like to run up agin this kind o' truck." And the boy touched his revolver and his belt filled with cartridges.

Pete decided that he would take a nap. Depositing his hat-box for safety upon the wagon-load, he accidentally displaced the bottle in the gunny-sack.

"What's in dat bottle, boss?" he asked. "Sumfin good ter drink?"

"You let it alone; hit's medicine," said Joe. "Peg Leg Crawford thinks it 'll cure ev'rything, from climate and bad water ter old age. I'll read yer what it's made uv."

Taking from his pocket a worn piece of brown wrapping paper, he spelled out a roughly written formula calling for "Brandy, Camfire, K N peper and Perrygorick."

"'Clar for it," remarked Pete. "Wid sich congrievances as dat, a drink ud give a pusson a drefful stirrin' up, sho'."

"Pizen him more likely," said Joe. "Hit's powerful sleepyfyin' stuff. I tuk a dose last summer when I got the colic f'om eatin' cactus plums, an' it 'peared like I'd never git awake arter it."

Pete crawled beneath the wagon and went to sleep. The mules having eaten their barley, Joe, who meant to finish the trip in the cool of the day, picketed them out on the bank, where, within the range of their lariats, they could nibble at the grass.

This duty discharged, the Missouri boy yielded to the fascination of prospecting, and strolled along the gulch. Stopping now and then to sift a handful of sand through his fingers, or turn over a pebble to see if it carried mineral, he wandered far up the dry channel, out of sight and hearing of the wagon. Absorbed in his entrancing pursuit, Joe took no heed of the passing minutes, until the length of his shadow on the ground warned him that it was time to return to the team.

As he retraced his steps, looking across the last turn of the bank between him and his outfit, the spectacle of Pete's tall shiny hat bobbing high in the air caused him to stop short to investigate matters before going farther. Crouching low, he stole to a point where, hidden by tufts of sand-grass, he could see what was going on about the spring.

Six Apaches in war-paint had captured and now were plundering the outfit. In the body of the wagon Pete was at work for dear life throwing out the contents to five of the Indians, who examined them as they fell. Upon the seat stood a stalwart warrior in breech clout and moccasins, his head adorned with Pete's high hat, set off by an eagle's feather in the band. With frequent strokes of the heavy "blacksnake" whip he was stimulating the negro's exertions; and occasionally, for the same purpose, or for private enjoyment, an Apache would point a rifle at the captive.

The bacon the Indians left where it fell; the flour they emptied upon the ground, and laid the sacks aside to take away. The sugar, coffee, tobacco, and ammunition were welcomed with grunts of satisfaction, but the plunderers were angry at finding no "whisk."

They had with them two horses, which bore harness marks, showing them to have been captured recently from some freighter. Rhody, Joe's favorite riding mule, had been led to the wagon, and upon her the Apaches were packing their plunder. Having selected what they wished, they held a short powwow, which ended by one of them taking from his belt a war club, the handle tipped with the end of a cow's tail, and advancing threateningly upon the trembling prisoner.

Shaking with fear and indignation, Joe fingered his revolver, longing to send a shot straight into the murderous savage, whose painted face looked demoniac as he poised his weapon. There was nothing that the boy could do to help the captive; liable to be discovered at any moment, his own life was in deadly peril, and he could only gaze in dread of what was to come.

Pete's eyes, rolling wildly with terror, spied the bottle which, unnoticed, lay wrapped in its gunny sack at his feet, and, picking it up, he unrolled and offered it to the Indian, who paused at his motion. The warrior's frowning face took on a beaming look as, uncorking it, he recognized the odor of liquor.

"They'll kill him sure fur givin' 'em that stuff," gasped Joe, under his breath. "They'll 'low he means to pizen the hull outfit."

But the Indian, after taking a long pull at the mixture, showed nothing but pleasure as, rubbing his stomach, he passed the bottle to his companions now eagerly gathered around him.

The Apaches had not yet taken the "diamond hitch" to secure the pack firmly to Rhody's back. At the magic word "whisk" they had left the mule with the lariat dangling loose, and while the bottle went round among them, the knowing animal, not liking her company, quietly started up the channel, distributing her load by the way. She quickened her steps to a gallop as an Indian darted in pursuit, and, rounding the turn in the bank, passed close by Joe. Clutching the swinging rope, he brought the animal to him, and in an instant more was on her back, giving her free head as she dashed up the bottom, followed by whizzing bullets sent wildly after them as soon as the Indians could seize their fire-arms.

He had often ridden Rhody without saddle or bridle, and she readily obeyed his touch on her neck. Once out of range, he turned her head up the bank, making for the high plain and the trail back to Cactus Station. Two of the Indians, who had sprung to their horses' backs, appeared upon the desert, about three hundred yards behind him, in swift pursuit.

It was a race for life, with the chances singularly even. Joe knew Rhody's pace as swift and untiring, but behind him were horses ridden by Indians, masters of the art of getting the utmost speed and endurance from an animal. After a mile he looked back, and saw that they had gained a little on him; ten minutes later they were nearer; at the end of an hour they had shortened the intervening distance fully a hundred yards.

His one hope of escape was in Rhody's endurance. If he could keep so far ahead of his pursuers that they should not disable him or his beast by a shot, he believed he could tire out their horses. But when two hours had passed, they had drawn dangerously near. As he reached a point where the trail descended steeply to a lower level of the desert, the foremost Indian fired at him, and at the whizzing of the ball close by his head, the mule swerved. Her foot struck a rolling stone, she ploughed on her knees down the slope, and over her head went Joe. Rhody was up and away in an instant, while her master, fallen upon his shoulder, with the breath knocked out of his body by the shock, turned, revolver in hand, to face the enemy.

What did it mean—this sharp cracking of rifles, these excited men about him in wide-brimmed hats, California overalls, and heavy boots, these ringing calls?

"There's one down!" "Give it to the other! Quick! he's running!" "Hooray! there you have him! Well done, Jack!" "Out quick some o' you and catch the horses." "Here, Tom, help to lift the boy. Hand him some water; he's faint."

Joe, whose shoulder was painfully wrenched, weakened a moment with a lapse of darkness; then rallying, he staggered to the top of the rise. His pursuers lay dead upon the plain, and two men were riding after their horses, which they quickly caught. Rhody came back to him of her own accord. Captain McKinley, the leader of the prospecting party, asked the boy how he felt, and explained the rescue to him.

"We saw you coming," he said, "and lay low. The Injuns didn't spot us till they got almost top of us. Then we riddled 'em."

Joe told them of the capture of his outfit and Pete. The prospectors shook their heads.

"We're goin' straight on to Corundo Springs," they said. "We 'low ter camp there to-night. But you'll not find the darky alive. It's lucky if they haven't tortured him."

Marching over the trail that Joe had travelled twice that day, it was half-way to midnight when they came near the spring.

"You stop here," said Captain McKinley to his men, a hundred yards from the brink of the hollow. "Tom Hoover and the boy and I'll reconnoitre."

They crept to the edge, and peered into the depression. The wagon and the mule were still there, and amid the scattered freight several dark forms of men stretched on the ground could be dimly discerned. On the wagon tongue a solitary figure was seated; upon his head was a high hat, beneath which came the intermittent glow of a pipe in full action.

The captain was puzzled. "They're taking it mighty easy," he whispered. "Those fellers on the ground are Injuns sure enough; but I can't savey that thing tipped off with the stove-pipe."

"That's the chief," breathed Joe. "He had Pete's hat on when I fust got sight uv 'em."

"We'll wake 'em in a way that 'll make that hard-b'iled hat risin' property. Tom, go back and tell the boys to come up. Leave two men with the horses. Remember, no firing without orders."

Tom crawled back toward the cavalcade, while the captain and Joe kept up their watch. The figure on the wagon tongue took the pipe from his mouth, and sang to a camp-meeting air:

> "De debble hab me up a tree!
> Oh, good Lord, deliber me!"

Joe excitedly grasped the captain's arm. "That's Pete," he said.

The voice went on to sing:

> "De debble he start fur ter climb,
> He 'low he git me sho' dis time."

"It's a darky, no mistake, and he's happy," said the captain.

> "De debble he git full o' rum;
> He miss his grab, an' down he come."

The captain motioned stillness to his men now taking their positions along the brink; then said to the boy, "Call him by name."

"De debble—" the singer had begun, when Joe hailed him:

"Oh-h, Pete!"

"Huh! Hullo up dar! You back, boss? T'ought yer done fur, sho'!"

Joe dashed down the slope ahead of the men, who, with weapons in readiness against a surprise, followed slowly.

"Why, Pete, how on earth did you get the better uv the redskins? Yer've laid 'em all out."

The four Indians, tied hand and foot, were stretched unconscious on the ground like dead men. The negro chuckled.

"Two git a-hossback an' go fur you," he said to Joe; "de udder fo' dey stay, an' dey drink all dat bottle. Dey dance an' yell scand'l'us, an' tie me ter de wag'n wheel, an' pile der bacon sides roun' me, an' dey gwine burn me sho', on'y de udders hain't come back fer de fun. Den dey lurch an' nod an' go ter sleep like dey nebber gwine ter wake. I wuk loose, an' git dar guns, an' tie eb'ry Injun so he keep out o' mischief. What we gwine do wid 'em?"

"We'll talk of that later," spoke Captain McKinley, grimly.

Supper was cooked and eaten, and a guard of two men having been set, the others went to sleep. The prisoners had shown no signs of waking. At half past three o'clock in the morning the captain arose, called the two men due to relieve the guard at four, and held with them and the men on duty a whispered consultation. The Indians, now awake, were furtively trying to slip from their bonds.

Joe, sleepily stirring in his blanket, heard Captain McKinley say, "We can't take 'em along with us, and we *won't* turn 'em loose."

It was still dark when the camp, awakened by the sound of a volley, sprang to arms. The prisoners were gone. Somewhere above the spring the shooting for a few moments was brisk, then ceased. The men would have rushed toward the scene of the firing, but the captain was walking back with smoking revolver in hand, followed by the guards.

"It's all right, boys," he called. "The prisoners made a break to get away, and we had to stop 'em."

Up the channel the dawning light revealed the four Apaches lying on the sands. No one went near them.

The prospectors helped to reload the wagon, and with brief farewells all hands went their way. With Black Pete and his hat-box, Joe Dobbs reported at noon at the Great Cinch, bringing some scanty and mussed-up freight, Peg Leg Crawford's empty medicine bottle, a sprained shoulder, and great reason for thankfulness that things were no worse.

## PERSONAL.

While the Republican Convention was in session at Minneapolis General Lew. Wallace was at times the centre of a throng of feminine admirers, who took every possible occasion to testify to their interest in his famous book *Ben-Hur*. A pen sketch of the General, drawn by a correspondent on the spot, represents him as a man of about sixty years, with a fine large head and a brown face, the most noticeable feature of which is the shaggy gray eyebrows overhanging a pair of pleasant dark eyes. He wears a light slouch-hat pulled far down over his forehead, and concealing the gray that has begun to show in streaks in his dark hair. His voice is musical. Every woman, it is said, who met General Wallace at Minneapolis asked some question about the episode of the chariot race in *Ben-Hur*, or in some way made mention of it.

—Ex-King Milan lives in some style in a fine house on the fashionable Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, in Paris. He is known in his exile as the Count de Takova, and though there is not much left of the glitter of royalty about him, he still has around him a circle of friends who show no sign of dropping away while the fallen monarch's money lasts. Milan gives most of his time to the gaming-table, and particularly to baccarat. He is a reckless player, and his losses have made disagreeable inroads in the fortune which the Servian government gave him in return for a quitclaim deed, so to speak, of his kingly privileges and rights.

—Two interesting reminiscences of Wordsworth have been furnished lately by Mr. Gladstone and by the venerable British Chartist Thomas Cooper. Mr. Gladstone says that the poet dined with him as a bachelor sixty years ago, and impressed him as a man of noble appearance and beautiful and simple manner. Mr. Cooper had an interview with Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, the poet's home, and discovered that he was somewhat jealous of Byron, of whom he said, "If there were time I could show you how Lord Byron is not so great a poet as you think him to be, but never mind that now." Of the budding laureate, Wordsworth said to Mr. Cooper: "Tennyson affords the richest promise. He will yet do great things, and ought to have done greater things by this time."

—The University Settlement Society, recognizing the fine work done in England in educating public taste, have organized an evening exhibition of pictures, which is now being held at No. 73 Allen Street, New York. For a beginning, it is estimated that the value of the pictures on view exceeds $100,000. The aim of this society, of which the Hon. Seth Low is President, is to aid in the enlightenment of the citizens of a neighborhood "without infringing on their self-respect." Anything like assuming patronizing airs is quite foreign to the aims of the University Settlement Society. If, then, an exhibition is made up in the present locality and is well attended, the society will open picture shows in other portions of New York.

—Governor Russell rides in on his horse every morning from his home in Cambridge to the State-house in Boston, a distance of about three miles, and takes his seat at his desk booted and spurred for the transaction of the morning's official business. He is the most democratic Governor Massachusetts has had for many years, and after the routine of the day is over he is accessible to any visitor who chooses to call on him.

—The venerable James W. Bradbury, the oldest living ex-Senator of the United States, recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday at Augusta, Maine. Mr. Bradbury was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825, in the class of which Longfellow and Hawthorne were members, and he sat in the Senate with Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, and Douglas. He is exceptionally well preserved physically as well as mentally, his form being as erect in his advanced age as one of the pine-trees of his State.

# AMATEUR SPORT

**One has only to see** the Yale crew at work on the Thames to become convinced that Captain Hartwell is backed by as good a crew as has represented the blue for years. Beautifully together, they send their shell along at a right smart pace, and, judged by one who is not inclined to look too sharply after faults, they present an appearance almost ideal. But when two crews are to be compared, each must be examined critically; and that was why, after watching with pleasure the general appearance of the men last week, I forced myself to look for faults. I must confess I had some work in finding any. Individually the men were rowing extremely well. To be sure, Johnson, at bow, was inclined to haul his hands into his lap at the finish; Balliet would meet his oar; Van Huyck drop down at the full reach; and Paine row his outside shoulder round too far. But these were minor faults, and hardly worth the trouble of noting. Each and every man showed the result of the careful coaching which he had received, and forced himself to become part of the Yale machine, which moved with clocklike precision.

LAWRENCE A. YOUNG,
Captain and Pitcher.

**There was the same peculiar toss** to the oars which has been one of the distinguishing features of the Yale stroke for years—a toss in which the blades are faced so as to grab the water properly; there was the same regularity of swing and rapid change to the recover. But for some reason the shell did not move along at the rate of speed which such good rowing demanded. The coxswain was hauled along by a series of jerks, and at the end of each recover would almost come to a standstill, thus showing unmistakably that either the crew was not applying its strength properly, or else had not the strength to apply. A week or ten days under "Bob" Cook will, however, be sufficient to correct this fault, which, I am inclined to think, is not due so much to lack of strength as to a faulty interpretation of the stroke. It is safe to say that Yale will be represented by a crew rowing almost perfectly, a fact which of itself guarantees speed.

**While the Yale crew is rowing** with life, and with a dash which at once impresses the spectator favorably, the Harvard crew lumbers along in a way that is not pleasing. The crew is a heavy one, and it moves in a heavy manner. However, the improvement since Mr. Keyes took them in hand is most marked. In finish and watermanship it is making the same rapid advance which last year's crew did at this same time. But there are still many individual faults which must be corrected before the crew becomes as skilful as the wearers of the blue. Waters (5) does not row in good form; he bends his back and allows himself to drop over his oar at the finish. Lynam feathers under water, and consequently pulls a slovenly stroke, which is not improved by his allowing his shoulders to *give* on the catch instead of holding them firm. His beat given to the crew is, however, much better than when I saw him last.

Captain Kelton's rowing is by no means what it should be. His blade is too high on the recover, and he rows out at the end of the stroke. Acton, at 6, does not make the most of his weight. He should get more of a lean on the stroke.

**Indeed, all through the Harvard boat** individual faults predominate, in spite of the fact that the crew looks fairly well together. Mr. Keyes without doubt has a hard task before him if he hopes to bring a perfectly finished crew to the line on July 1st. The men are heavy, and instead of training down under the hard work which has been given them, have steadily gained weight. This in itself is discouraging, for if there is one thing which the crew has especially lacked all the season it is *life*, and it is practically impossible to get men of 180 and 190 pounds to move quickly. It is true that the Harvard crew is a strong one. It is also true that it will need all its strength to even keep up the pace which the Yale crew will surely set on July 1st.

**The situation is practically this:** Harvard has a big strong crew, rowing fairly well together, and improving rapidly. Individually there are many faults, the most important of which will undoubtedly be corrected before the race. The crew as a whole is rowing in good form, but lacks snap. Its appearance is suggestive of a slow rate of speed, and yet when I saw them last week at New London they were pulling quite as many strokes to the minute in practice as Yale, and the shell moved along steadily, and with very few stops.

Yale has a crew perfectly drilled, somewhat lighter than the Harvard crew, and much livelier. In strength Harvard has an advantage, which, however, is more than compensated for by the increase in bulk that strength must carry.

Both crews are in good condition—though Yale won't be if her coaches do not husband her strength; some of the men are down pretty fine—both rowing well. It comes down to just this one point: if Harvard can put more life into her work, and, in consequence, enable Lynam to run the stroke up at will, she stands the better chance of winning the race, for she has the advantage in strength and endurance. Of this I am convinced.

**Last year Yale had much** the stronger crew, but that same crew could not stand the pace the Harvard crew cut out. They were raced off their feet, as it were, and became completely demoralized. Yale men, therefore, concluded that the men in the boat were too big—too heavy for a university boat—and to their great size they indirectly charged their defeat. This year we see the Yale crew made up principally of men of medium height and weight. They hope to do for Harvard this year what Harvard did for them last. It will be a grand struggle from the start, and the result depends (as I have said before) in a great measure upon the improvement which the Harvard crew will make during the coming week. I leave Yale completely out of consideration in this particular, for I look upon her crew, with the exception of a faulty application of power, to be as well drilled and skilful as it is possible for it to become. The only improvement, therefore, which they can possibly make before the race is in the correction of this fault. The Harvard crew, on the other hand, with all the individual faults and lack of life, are driving their shell along at a fair rate of speed, simply because they have immense strength. If to this strength they can in the short time remaining add a little more skill and much more life, they are practically sure of the race. There is not such a great difference in the way the two crews appear to-day, and the chances are always in favor of the stronger crew, other things being nearly equal.

**The prospects for a Harvard-Yale-Oxford** boat-race are not very bright. Nothing official has yet been received from England; but if there were, there is only the barest possibility of a crew being sent over. Both captains would be unable to go, and neither could be spared. Kelton and Hartwell each have business contracts beginning immediately after the race, and they cannot be postponed. There are no substitutes who could fill the places of these two men, and as their absence would greatly weaken the crews, it is hardly likely an American university crew will go abroad this year.

It is greatly to be regretted a race cannot be arranged, even with a substitute in Harvard's No. 7 or Yale's 6. Our going to England this year means that the winner of the Oxford-Cambridge race will come over here next year to our World's Fair. If we lose this year, we should have a try at them in '93, and we stand a chance of winning twice.

**The Atlantic Yacht Club's** regatta last week brought the schooners *Marguerite* (R. S. Palmer) and *Shamrock* (J. Rogers Maxwell) together again, and once more the erstwhile single-sticker won on time allowance, though, boat for boat, the *Marguerite* sailed over the course a little under five minutes faster. The *Shamrock's* showing this season should be particularly pleasing to Mr. Maxwell, since the very poor performances of his 46-footer *Nautilus* last year must have been more or less uppermost in his thoughts when the famous old sloop was receiving her additional mast. She has proved herself to be so smart a craft in her new dress that, up to date, it looks as though in a good sailing breeze she can run away from anything in her class. It is not altogether improbable that she may sail over a course before the season is out in faster time, boat for boat, than the *Marguerite*. In a very stiff wind, however, the latter is at her best and could hardly be headed, although, with her time allowance, the *Shamrock* beat her in the New York Yacht Club's races with a very stout wind blowing most of the time.

**"El Chico" did not do so well** as she did in her last two races, but she sailed fast enough to defeat *Freyja* by about 10 minutes (elapsed time; corrected, 6 minutes 53 seconds), which is not much of a performance for her, to be sure. Why the *Gulnare* is raced is hard to say, since she seems to have nothing to go against but the *Wasp*, which defeats her handily by about an hour each time. This is hardly very exciting sport, and it would not be a bad idea in the future if yacht-club racing committees cut their coats in accordance with the cloth on hand. If in each class an effort was made to bring together boats somewhere near one another in speed, the result would be a tremendously increased interest in yacht-racing.

It must be acknowledged that up till now this season's racing generally has been far from exciting. *El Chico* and *Pyxie* raised some hopes of relieving the monotony; but in the only race the two had in a good steady breeze, Mr. Kersey's curious-looking little Herreshoff craft beat the Gardiner representative so thoroughly as to leave no doubt of the relative merits of these two 25-raters. Since then *Pyxie* has not shown up at any of the races, while *El Chico* has been walking away from all comers. Mr. Sanderson has been making some improvements in the *Pyxie*, preparatory to a special challenge race with the *El Chico*, in which he hopes to turn the tables on Mr. Kersey. Really the only racing we have had has been furnished by *Marguerite* and *Shamrock*, and while it has been very good, we confess one evenly matched pair does not make an interesting regatta any more than "one swallow makes a summer."

CATCHER BROWN.

*Clara* made a little better record than at any previous appearance this year, but she has outlived her usefulness as a racer.

**The next important event** is the Seawanhaka-Corinthian regatta, July 2d, though there appears to be small prospect of any especially interesting races in the larger classes. As a matter of fact we are not to be compared to Eastern yachtsmen. They have more sport at one of their regattas than we have throughout the entire number of those held in these waters. They don't talk so much, but they can handle the tiller more skilfully, and can give us points in filling their classes with entries likely to make interesting racing.

This year Boston yachtsmen are particularly favored, while we are having more than our usual supply of stupid racing. They have the new class of fin keels and the renovated *Alborak* and rechristened *Beatrix*, while we watch *Wasp* and *El Chico* sail out of sight of the others in their class. But Boston has still greater sport with its cat-boats and the semi-racer, semi-cruiser of several other classes.

What has become of the attempt to inaugurate a cruiser race in these waters? At least, why should not these racing-machines have a class unto themselves.

**The International Canoe Club** will probably remain in this country another year at least. It looks now, after the Marine and Field Club regatta last Saturday, as if E. S. Oxholm, in his new canoe *Glenwood*, is certain to win from Ford Jones, in *Canuck*, on the 25th. In the final trial race last week (Tuesday) to determine who should defend the cup, Oxholm beat Barrington, in *Toltec*, the winner in '91, by 2 minutes 4 seconds on a 4½-mile course, and was consequently chosen to meet Jones, the Canadian challenger. Much importance was attached, therefore, to the meeting of Jones and Oxholm in the regatta last Saturday, as it would give something of a line on what could be expected in the International struggle next Saturday. Mr. Jones made a much different showing from that of last year. Then he won everything; this year he secured no honors. Although it is possible he may have been playing possum, still it hardly seems as if the *Canuck* is fast enough this year. Oxholm fairly flew through the water, and secured a commanding lead in every race he entered almost at the start. He had a very bad start, and was out of it in the Senior 4½-mile sailing race in the morning, which Goddard won easily in 38.50, Quick and Butler second and third; but in the club "representative" race, same distance, he overhauled Whitlock, who had the lead on the start, and was never headed, winning as he pleased in 35.10, followed by Whitlock two minutes later, with Barrington third.

The best race of the day was for the Marine and Field Club Cup, which brought together D. S. Goddard and Paul Butler, of the Vesper Canoe Club (Lowell, Massachusetts); William Whitlock and J. H. Barrington, New York Canoe Club; Ford Jones, Brockville (Ontario) Canoe Club; and J. S. Oxholm, Yonkers Canoe Club—six of the most skilful canoe sailers in the world (for America is far ahead in this sport). Whitlock capsized twice at the starting-buoy, and was out of it. Jones went over the line first, but was quickly passed by Oxholm, and dropped back rapidly, finally finishing next to last. Oxholm held his lead for two legs, but on the third, in turning the last buoy, reached out too far, and Goddard, who won this cup last year by extremely clever work, tacked in and gained the lead Oxholm had held. In the race home it was neck and neck, Goddard winning by a scant two canoe lengths in 34.40. Butler third. The war-canoe paddling race was novel and intensely exciting, being won by the Yonkers Club, which had 21 paddlers in a 35-foot boat, while Crescent had but eleven in a 32-foot boat.

**E. L. Hall is gaining** some very valuable practice in the small tournaments in which he has been playing. He is also securing championships galore, his record now showing the Southern and New England. The contest for the latter at New Haven last week brought out only a few entries, and of these about four were in tournament form. The singles were not especially interesting. Lewis Parker in the third round defeated B. P. Hollister in much of a one-sided match, and in his turn was beaten by E. L. Hall in the finals. C. T. Lee, of Philadelphia, who won last year from R. P. Huntington, Jun., failed to put in an appearance. The tournament was better off in point of weather than last year's event, but in play and interest it was not so good. The final in the doubles developed by far the most interesting playing of the week. Messrs. E. L. Hall and Wright were pitted against Beach and L. Parker, and after a hard-fought contest won by the score 6–4, 4–6, 6–1, 4–6, 7–5. Beach is much stronger in doubles than singles, and he and his partner made a good fight.

This week all interest is centred in the women's single championship at Philadelphia. If Miss Ellen Roosevelt plays the final with Miss Cahill, it should make one of the most interesting contests of the year. The mixed doubles, a new feature, are attracting considerable attention, and will bring out some strong couples; among others Miss Cahill and Clarence Hobart.

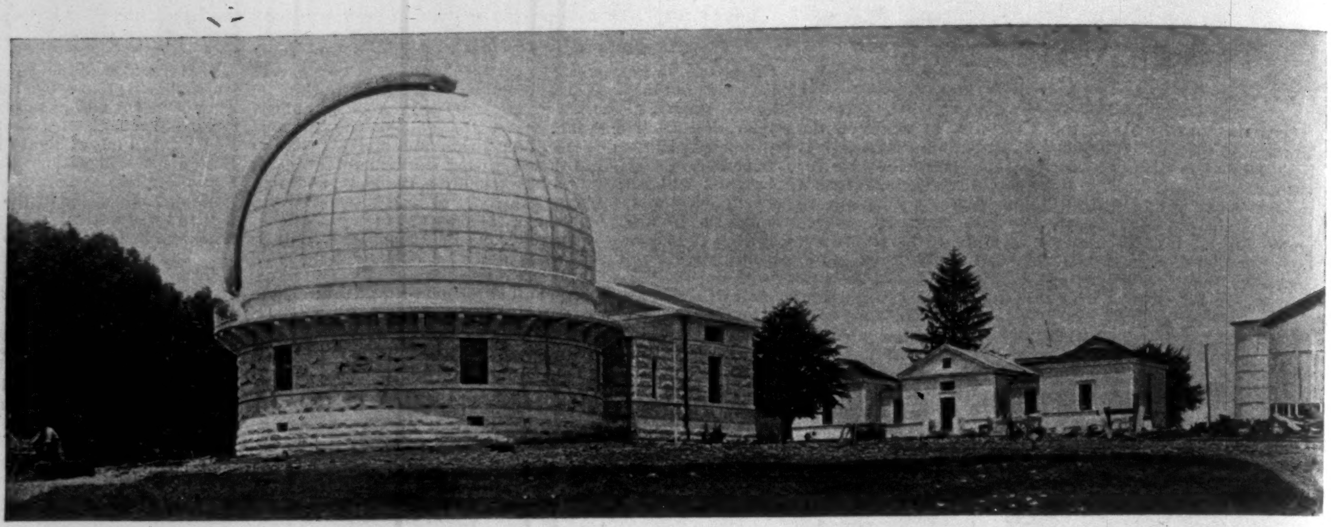
**While Yale did not play** the game on Saturday the nine did in the other two Princeton matches, Princeton put up a game that would have won both at New Haven and Princeton. Only two errors is the best record made by this nine in championship games this year. Yale made eight errors, and seemed to lose heart as well as head. Ramsdell was in his proper place—right field—made no errors, and lined out a four-bagger. Young pitched a great game, and Brown gave Yale one of their runs by the wildest throw of the season. Princeton batted both Bowers and Case hard. Murphy and Harvey between them made six errors, while Jackson added one to the list that was rather inexcusable. It is poor solace to Princeton to pile up such a score (12–2) after they have already lost the Yale series by a lot of senseless errors.

**The Cornell–University of Pennsylvania** three-mile race on Lake Cayuga last Thursday gave Cornell her fourteenth successive victory on the water. Her crew was a particularly noteworthy one, even among the many fast eights this university has put upon the water. It was a veteran crew; the captain had been in the boat four consecutive years, five of the men were pulling their third year in the 'varsity shell, and the remaining two rowed last year, the coxswain had held his seat four years, and knew the course and kept it. For all that the Cornell men rowed splendidly, these pupils of Courtney's certainly do lift their boat, and it continues to puzzle me how they can send the shell along so fast, because they seem to lose the benefit of the stroke before the pin. A contest between this year's Cornell 'varsity and either Harvard or Yale would be an intensely interesting struggle, but we shall not have it, as both Harvard and Yale say they have all the racing they believe they should have as students. Pennsylvania rowed in very poor form and was evidently not in prime condition, as they showed signs of exhaustion before the last half-mile; the stroke seemed to lose his head and splashed incessantly, while No. 7 appeared to be laboring under the impression that he, and not the man in front of him, was setting the stroke, while the coxswain lost several seconds by his poor steering.

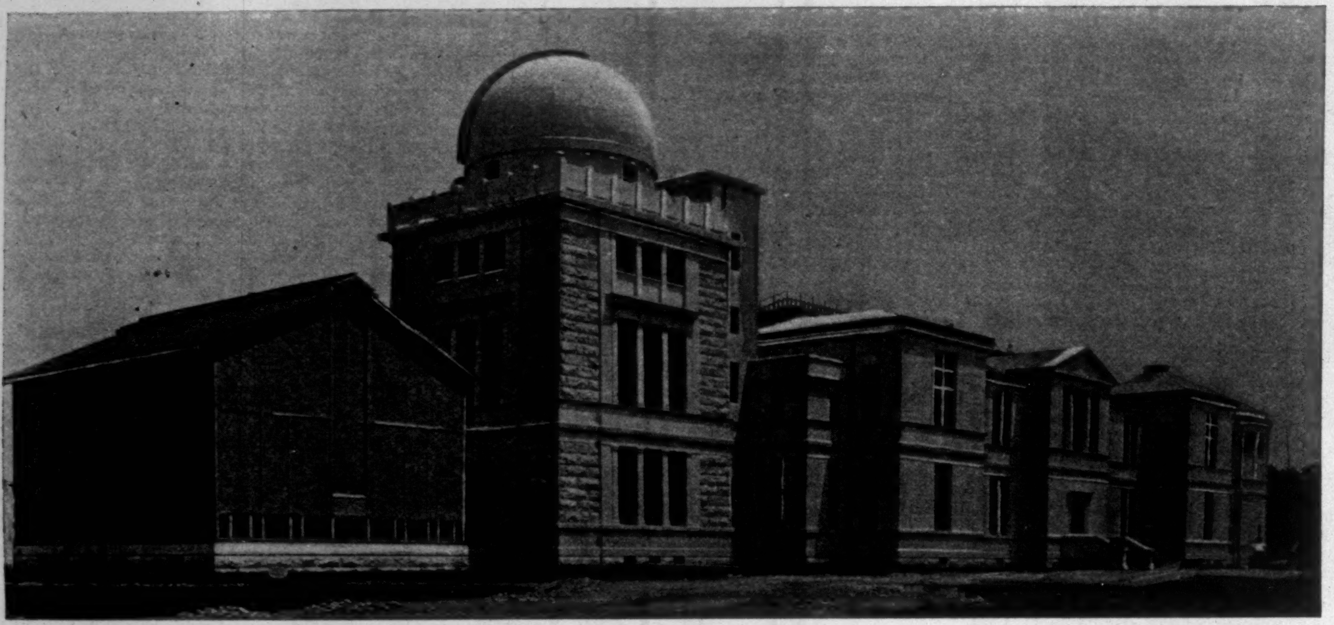
Caspar W. Whitney.

## NEW NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

From this time until September 23d the astronomical observatories throughout the world are to be united as one in a vastly interesting and important course of investigation. The situation of Mars and its satellites when nearest the earth in August will not be repeated in the next sixteen years. Hence the astronomers everywhere, from famous Pulkowa to the golden California star-viewing altitudes, are intensely alert for the service indicated. Their mightiest forces are marshalled, with all the best auxiliaries, in order to capture high secrets in 1892 from the fiery member of the planetary conclave. The promise of conquest through these extraordinary relations in space, for which Mars and man alike are not responsible, has inspired them with the greatest possible courage. So they have agreed to make this an international and a tremendous siege.



THE GREAT EQUATORIAL CLOCK-HOUSE AND OBSERVERS' ROOM.



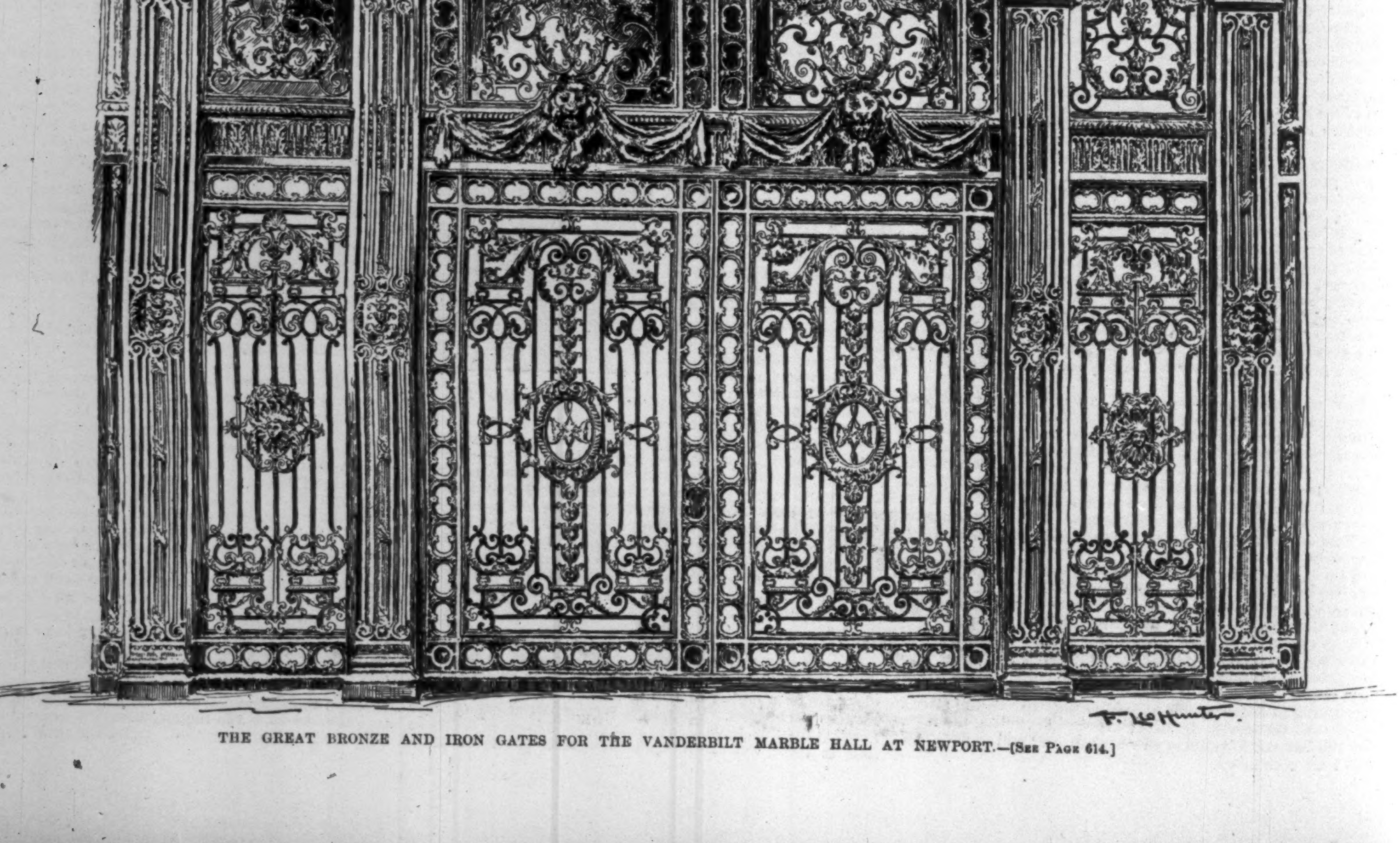
THE MAIN BUILDING.

The preparatory activity is greatest, perhaps, at the capital of the United States, as the new Naval Observatory of the government, while not entirely completed, is to be made first available in this research. An extension of the limit of time for the construction, from June 1st to July 1st, has been accorded. The several buildings are now nearly complete, to correspond with the terms of the final contract.

The transit or meridian circle was dismounted some weeks ago at the old observatory, the chief haste being directed to the immediate re-establishment of this instrument in working order. The preparations are thus rapidly perfected for the approach of the heroic Mars, whose satellites, as is to be remembered, were discovered in 1877 at the Washington Naval Observatory. Otherwise the work on these structures proceeds in even course.

About half a mile north of Georgetown the electric cars on the High Street and Tenallytown road pass the entrance to a shady lane, where the sign of "Naval Observatory" painted on a board that is fixed to a tree marks the detour from the highway. The emergence from the fenced-in lane, in its descent to the opposite end, is into the wider wood. Thence a winding road leads up the wooded hill-side to the open summit on which the Naval Observatory has its beautiful site. The extension of Massachusetts Avenue, when accomplished, will give a new and main approach from that direction. With its dry, clear atmosphere, and in its seclusion from the ways of travel, this is an almost ideal situation. The tract of more than sixty acres forming the site answers entirely the requirements of use in various essential conditions, as in being sufficiently distant from the town to exempt it from smoke, etc., and apart from the influence of the Potomac, with which the old observatory is in unfavorable proximity.

The ability of the architect is severely tested in planning buildings for astronomical uses. Instead of the single star of architecture of high magnitude, must his fine creation be brought to the meridian of final development in scattered



THE GREAT BRONZE AND IRON GATES FOR THE VANDERBILT MARBLE HALL AT NEWPORT.—[See Page 614.]

parts. Its real impressiveness is apparent only from recognition of the underlying soul of method. Yet this architecture of the Milky Way system of manifoldness has not missed the quality of brilliancy in a superior degree. The arrangement of the buildings in their several relations is on a thoroughly admirable plan, well completed in the expression of each and in the entire effect.

As the pivotal feature of this group stands the Grand Equatorial, which is to contain the 26-inch Clark telescope. This is built with right-angled walls in the division facing northward, and at the other end with a dome section of 45 feet diameter on the circle, revolving on a running track. At the centre are the concrete piers on which the instrument is to be set; an elevating floor to be used in conjunction is capable of adjustment to any desired angle. This building is constructed in undressed Tuckahoe marble, with water-table, sill-course, etc., finished to a smooth surface. The character of the architecture is classic Greek—showing the Doric frieze with its triglyphs, a pediment above, etc.—but it is Greek in feeling only, and not in the fashion of such of the capital buildings as are modelled directly from ancient types. The fact that Richard Morris Hunt is the architect would stand equivalent generally to this assertion. The construction in iron, stone, brick, and marble is altogether fire-proof. From the beginning of this work, in 1888, its earlier course was under the supervision of William H. Grant; and from the latter part of 1890, Mr. H. E. Donnell has been in Washington looking after the finishing in a very fine and simple order. The contract for the construction now in fulfilment was made last February, the original contract having been forfeited. The appropriation of $400,000 for this work probably will be absorbed in its completion.

Directly north of the building named is the Clock-House, with dimensions of about 18×20 feet, which is built with dressed marble on the outside. This contains twelve concrete piers, solidly built, and capped with bluestone to support the clocks. At either side the observers' buildings are connected with the clock-room by wide passages.

Beyond this again, on the northward line, stands the Prime Vertical building, and on each side of the clock-room on the same parallel are the East and West Transit buildings, distinctly contrasting in style with the larger ones in white marble. These buildings are constructed with an inside lining of sheet zinc, while showing an exterior of galvanized iron. With this arrangement the jackets between are ventilated thoroughly, the idea of construction being to attain as nearly as possible a temperature and atmosphere within the building corresponding always with that outside. Through this perfect system of ventilation the meteorological changes are so quickly transmitted to the inner space as to maintain unimpaired the conditions of observation. This is very important where the exact time to be attained by the transit is primarily applied to the security of navigation and commerce. A South Transit building about 30×40 is similar to the two described, being erected in fluted iron outside, and with foundations in stone. The work for the transit circle is greatly increased by the methods of recent years, when the fixed stars are among objects of constant attention, and telescopic stars, formerly neglected, must be observed with precision.

The main building, on the direct eastward line from the Great Equatorial, is about 300 feet long and 50 to 60 feet wide. This is in three sections, all in fine-cut marble except one end section, which is rock-faced, and of larger dimensions than the other parts. This loftier west end is the Small Equatorial building, three stories in height. At the centre, carried up from the stone foundation independent of the floor, and thus escaping vibration, is the brick pier on which the smaller 9.6-inch equatorial instrument by Merz will be mounted. Next this are the elevator and stairway ascending from the basement. A temperature-room and a chronometer-room, in which chronometers are tested for the use of the navy, are interesting studies in scientific construction.

This building generally is two stories in height, with a basement and an attic. At its east end is the library running through the two stories. This section is a circular structure 48 feet in diameter. Two tiers of iron bookcases of a height of about 20 feet surround the walls, with a gallery between, and wing bookcases project into the room along the lower range.

The middle division of the building contains a number of large work-rooms, a museum, etc., arranged on both sides of a corridor that runs entirely through this part, connecting the library with the larger end. A transverse passage crossing this at the centre leads to entrances on either side. The building in every part is finely lighted, and the central windows are capped with double transoms, giving a simple form of ornament. The interior finish in this main building is in white oak, with some of the floors in oak and others in tiles. A marble staircase is one of the solid features. The cellar, with flooring in Neufchâtel asphalt, is fitted for storage. The attic serves as a ventilating chamber. In the first and second stories are convenient toilet-rooms. The building is piped for gas, and wired for electricity. It is to be heated by indirect steam.

The flat portion of the deck of the roof, which is covered with slate, is to have an iron railing, and from this point the observer gains a charming and extended view. The wide visual range covers Georgetown University, Fort Meyer, and Arlington Heights, Alexandria, the Potomac Flats, and Washington Obelisk. The time-ball on the State, War, and Navy department building can be seen to fall at noon. The Capitol is distinctly visible to the southeast, with the Catholic University and other landmarks to be discriminated farther northward on this wide circle. In near view, just across the ravine, is the house of the superintendent, of which the walls are going up as speedily as possible.

For the last two years the Naval Observatory has been under the direction of Captain F. V. McNair, previously of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, whose enthusiastic devotion to this task is an example for all people of lukewarm interests. The chief present astronomer is Professor Harkness, who first became connected with this work about thirty-five years ago, but with several intervals of absence in this period, covering different voyages in the government service.

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The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just announced a delightful midsummer holiday tour to Atlantic City on July 2d, returning July 5th. Some of the assured features of this tour are a special train of Pennsylvania Railroad standard coaches, luncheon on the train going, a sojourn at the famous United States Hotel, a tourist agent, an experienced chaperon, and a baggage master for the benefit of those taking trunks, as no charge will be made for the transfer of baggage. The special will leave New York at 11.00 A.M., Jersey City at 11.15, and stop *en route* at Newark, 11.29; Elizabeth, 11.38 A.M., and Trenton, N. J., at 12.30 P.M.

Rates for the round trip will be $12.75 from New York, Newark, and Elizabeth, and $11.25 from Trenton.

These rates include railroad fare, luncheon *en route* going, and accommodations at United States Hotel, Atlantic City, from supper July 2d until and including breakfast July 5th, 1892. Returning, the party will leave Atlantic City by special train 9.00 A.M., July 5th, 1892, arriving in New York about noon.

The tour itself is based on a very liberal plan, and its success is assured from the fact that the holiday season will appeal to all needing and desiring an inexpensive, profitable, and delightful tour. Application for space and tickets should be made to Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

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U of M

## THE DOORS OF A PALACE.

THIRTY years ago the owners of colossal fortunes were inclined to hide their wealth for fear of the results of envy. But millionaires have taken courage by reason of their number; they are no longer regarded with awe and spoken of with bated breath. Indeed, it is necessary for them now to make some display, or they are lost in the ruck of rich men. The best effect of this situation of things is the encouragement some of the millionaires give to American artists and artisans. It has taken some time, but every day they learn more surely that America can rival Europe in pretty much everything artistic. The great bronze and iron gates of which an illustration is given might have been as well made in France, but in that country no larger and perhaps no better-made work of this sort is produced. For one thing, American workmen are found to do work far quicker and with more intelligence than those who come across the sea with the reputation of skilled workmen.

In the half-light of a roomy shop, where the clang of hammer and anvil rarely ceases, these doors of forged work in bronze and iron were erected piece by piece until they almost touched the rafters. They are by far the largest of their kind in the United States, and perhaps for size have no equal in Europe. Moreover, they are peculiar in their combination of iron and bronze. Thus the doors are really double throughout. Although the same in design on the inner face (which is not shown in the illustration) as on the outer, the inside is formed of a soft steel polished to gun-barrel brightness, while the decorative reliefs riveted on are of bronze heavily clad with gilding. The outer face, on the contrary, is built of bronze, and the decorative lions' heads, scrolls, and leaves attached are of bronze colored green by verdigris, like the bronzes found in Pompeii and colored by natural processes in the soil.

The reason for this is a matter of the effect of damp air on iron unprotected by paint or galvanic deposit. The Marble Hall to which these will be the entrance has an immensely high portico, sustained by ample pillars, as may be remembered from the views published in the papers of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's new residence in Newport. The doors are designed by Mr. W. H. Hunt, of New York, who planned that building, and the forged work is the product of the John Williams Foundry on West Twenty-seventh Street, New York. Now the portico, supported by its lofty fluted columns, does little to protect the front of the doors from rain, even if the Newport climate charged with moisture did not carry rust into every part of a building not enclosed. Hence bronze was used outside and iron reserved for the inner face of the doors, which are quite as handsome as the outer. And what may be termed a separate and third door lies between them.

The doors are, in fact, part of a solution of the problem how to light the great hall, whose size and loftiness they indicate from outside. A space has been left between the inner face of iron and the outer face of bronze, and that space is to be filled with translucent stained glass, which permits light to pass. The effect of the design of the doors from within by day, when the white light enters, and that by night from without, when artificial light falls from within, can be readily imagined. It will give the façade of the Marble Hall at night a peculiar charm, and add much to the beauty of the interior by day.

Our illustration, taken in the shops, with linen stretched between the faces of the door to simulate the glass, can give but a faint idea of the appearance they will present when in place and complete. Even the engaged Renaissance square pillars, which repeat the general idea of the marble pillars of the façade of the house, and have their structural use in seeming to give strength to the wide door itself, are treated in open-work. So that while these doors will exclude the air, they will prove very hospitable to light.

In one respect it may be thought to show an artistic loss to have treated the four columns in this open-work style. The great beam which runs from jamb to jamb of the door—the lintel, in fact—is of extraordinary length, and seems incapable of sustaining the weight of front wall above it without support. The square columns in the door of metal perform the duty of seeming to help support this vast lintel. But the designer has weakened the force of the seeming support of these props by leaving openings in their shafts. Yet, as mentioned, he has followed the general motifs of the building itself more or less. Thus the square engaged metal columns are composite as to capitals, like those which rise on the house front to the heavy eaves and the big balustrade above them. The decorative lion heads repeat certain marble lion heads in relief, which serve as mascarons, from which jets of water fall into the basin of a fountain directly in front of the portico.

The lion heads in high relief over the doors, however, are accompanied by the lion-skins, which stretch right and left as decorative reliefs along lintels of the doors proper. Examination of the finer parts of the design, the spirals and rosettes of the panels, will reveal many beautiful points. The centres of the chief panels contain monograms of the letters W. K. V. Many of the motifs have been studied from French work of the seventeenth century, notably from ironwork at Versailles belonging to the reigns of the fourteenth and fifteenth Lewises of France. The little faces on the side panels recall the faces surrounded by rays with which the artists of his epoch flattered "Le Roi Soleil," the fourteenth Lewis, of sunlike glory.

This sumptuous door was designed in the office of Mr. Richard M. Hunt, and carried out by Mr. H. B. Stillman, manager of the John Williams shops. All but a few insignificant parts, which are cast, are of forged bronze and steel. It will be one of the most remarked portions of Mr. Vanderbilt's Marble Hall.

## FELIPA, WIFE OF COLUMBUS.

MORE than the compass to the mariner,
Wast thou, Felipa, to his dauntless soul.
Through adverse winds that threatened wreck, and nights
Of rayless gloom, thou pointed ever to
The north star of his great ambition. He
Who once has lost an Eden, or has gained
A paradise by Eve's sweet influence,
Alone can know how strong a spell lies in
The witchery of a woman's beckoning hand.
And thou didst draw him, tidelike, higher still,
Felipa, whispering the lessons learned
From thy courageous father, till the flood
Of his ambition burst all barriers,
And swept him onward to his longed-for goal.

Before the jewels of a Spanish queen
Built fleets to waft him on his untried way,
Thou gavest thy wealth of wifely sympathy
To build the lofty purpose of his soul.
And now the centuries have cycled by,
Till thou art all-forgotten by the throng
That lauds the great Pathfinder of the deep.
It matters not in that infinitude
Of space, where thou dost guide thy spirit bark
To undiscovered lands, supremely fair.
If to this little planet thou couldst turn
And voyage, wraithlike, to its cloud-hung rim,
Thou wouldst not care for praise. And if perchance
Some hand held out to thee a laurel bough,
Thou wouldst not claim one leaf, but fondly turn
To lay thy tribute also at his feet.

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

## NIBLO'S GARDEN.

WITH the expiration of Mr. Edward G. Gilmore's lease of the property, recently, Niblo's Garden probably passed out of the list of important New York theatres.

The history of this theatre is inextricably interwoven with that of the whole drama of America. On both sides of the Atlantic its name is known and respected by every one with knowledge of theatres, actors, or plays.

The site on which it stands, at the corner of Broadway and Prince Street, has been devoted to the entertainment of the public for three-quarters of a century. Before this period began, the New York house of James Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, was there. The first amusement enterprise located on the ground was a circus called "The Stadium." In 1828 William Niblo established his Garden, a pleasant spot where the good people of New York might eat the dainties and drink the beverages of the time in the open air. He offered nightly music and occasional fireworks as inducements to patronage. Soon he put in a small stage, and contrived a movable roof to shelter his customers in case of storm. A bill printed at this time closes with:

"No Postponement at this Establishment on Account of the Weather, as the Grand Entrance from Broadway is Protected, and the New Saloon, which is Ventilated at the Top and Sides, can be Closed at a Moment's Notice."

Several changes of management and two fires caused gradual alterations in construction and arrangement, until the open-air garden had given place to a fully appointed theatre. When the Metropolitan Hotel structure was built, the stage grew to its present magnificent proportions, and an auditorium was provided which offers seats of one kind or another to nearly 2000 people.

Even before that time Niblo's Garden had become the centre of theatrical events in New York, and virtually in the United States. A story of all the important episodes that have occurred within its walls would fill a volume. On its stage Joseph Jefferson taught New-Yorkers to admire him by producing musical farces. Clara Fisher and Mrs. Maeder both gained early recognition there. Edwin Forrest played there almost two years in all, and at one time had for his call-boy a youngster named John McCullough. How this youngster rose to be a great actor and the sad finish of his career is a pathetic story known to all who regard theatrical annals with interest.

At Niblo's Garden the famous Ravels—the pantomimists—first appeared in America, and there they produced *The Green Monster*, an entertainment which found favor for several years. In 1839 Lester Wallack leased the house, and brought out Mrs. Vandenhoof. In 1840 E. L. Davenport made his New York début at Niblo's, and during the same year the opera of *Lucia* was given there, for the first time in America. In 1844 John Brougham, the greatest Captain Cuttle, held the boards of this remarkable theatre, and between that time and 1846, when it was burned, many other famous names were on its bills.

In 1866 the *Black Crook* was born on Niblo's stage. Since that time this spectacle has returned more than $1,000,000 profit to its owners, and it is still a paying theatrical property. The *Black Crook* era comprised Niblo's most brilliant days. Every week-day night the neighborhood was thronged with carriages, and before and after the performance the lobbies and retiring-rooms of the theatre, still the most spacious in New York, were filled with fashionable crowds. At that time the privilege of selling flowers in the broad main lobby of the theatre sold sometimes for $50 a night, and never for less than $25 a night. The Union Club leased the lower right-hand box for the entire run of the *Black Crook*.

The lower left-hand box also has its history. After A. T. Stewart bought the property, until his death he reserved that box for himself and his friends. The once sumptuous furnishings remain, frayed and ragged reminders of the theatre's halcyon days.

One other of the many great spectacular productions at Niblo's Garden deserves mention. It is that of *Evangeline*, and is notable because more than one-third of the minor players in it have become well-known. In the course of the performance a "property" heifer ambled ludicrously across the stage. Messrs. Richard Golden and Henry E. Dixey were concealed within its canvas body, and acted respectively as its front and hind legs. One is now a noted actor of New England character, and the other is among the best-known of the younger American comedians.

The decadence of Niblo's Garden is not due, as naturally would be guessed, to progress in theatrical architecture and machinery. Its stage was built and fitted with remarkable prophetic knowledge of the greater requirements of the future, and is to-day second only to one in New York in size and accoutrements. The city has not outgrown the theatre; it has grown away from it. When William Niblo first established his Garden, the people laughed at him because he had chosen a site so far uptown. But New York slowly marched its brick and mortar army of buildings toward him at first, then around him, and finally far beyond him. For a time Niblo's was almost in the country; then residences surrounded it; these next gave place to retail business; and now Broadway in Niblo's neighborhood is a locality of wholesale stores that go to sleep at sundown.

The centre of life and activity has moved up town to what was wilderness in 1828, and the theatres have gone with it. New ones are being built on Fortieth and Forty-second streets, about two miles above Niblo's, and others are planned for on Fifty-seventh and Fifty-ninth streets, about three miles north of the poor old play-house. Still more significant is the fact that on 125th Street, six and one-quarter miles north of Niblo's, are two theatres of large size and elaborate finish, which furnish amusement to the play-goers of Harlem, and have been paying investments for several years.

The desertion of Niblo's Garden is merely one of the bits of pathos forced by the progress of the metropolis.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

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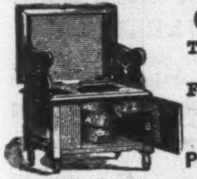

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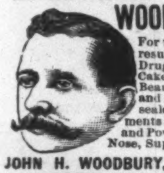

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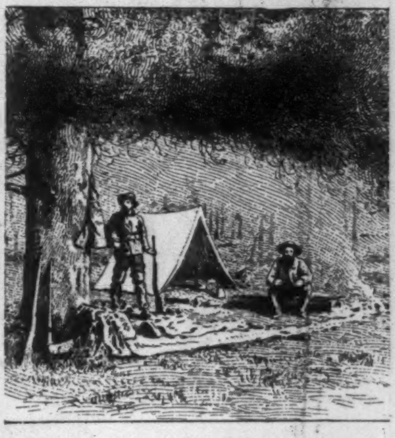

I know where the timid fawn abides
In the depth of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad and the thicket hides,
With its many stems and its tangled sides,
From the eye of the hunter well.

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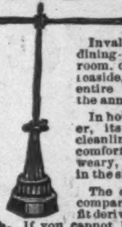

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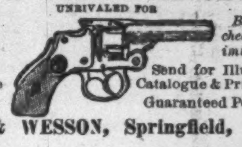

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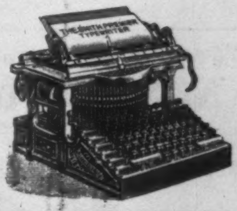

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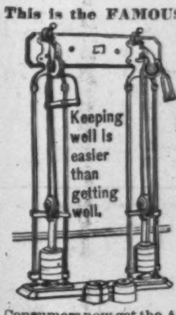
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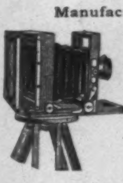

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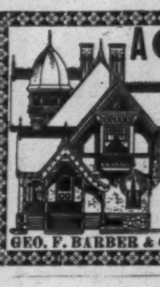

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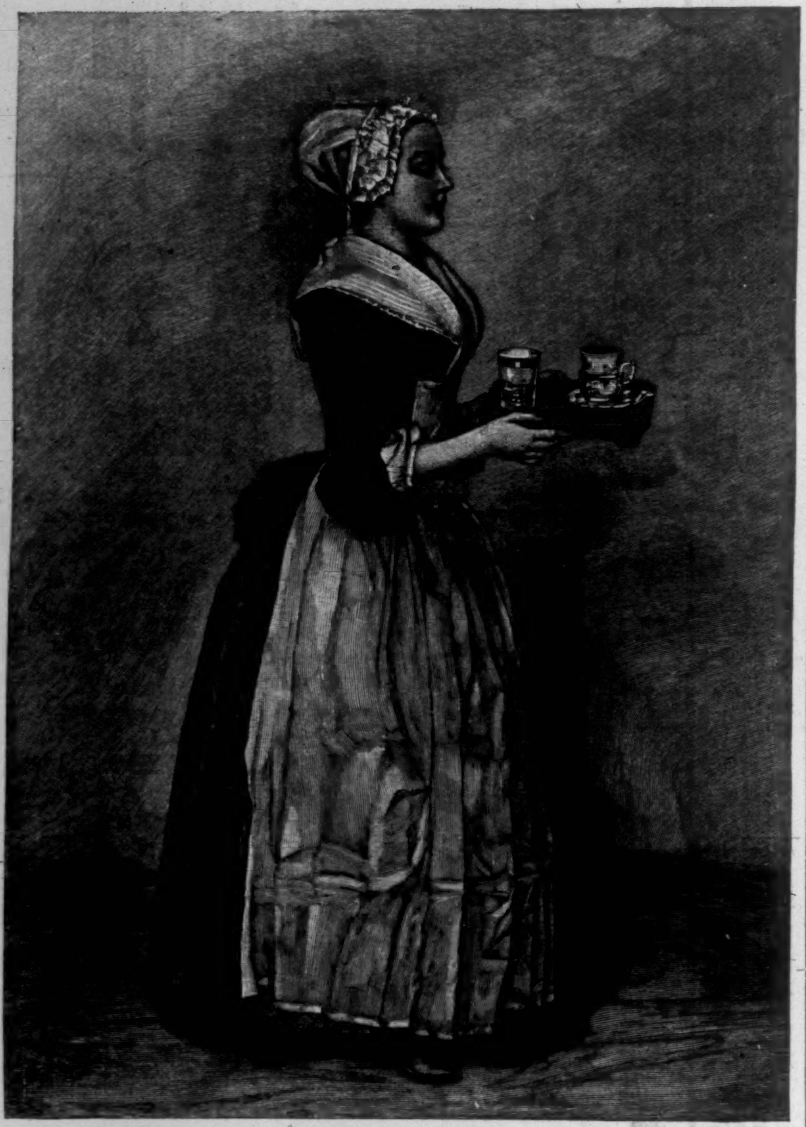

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE
∴ FOR JULY ∴

THIS Number contains many articles of national and patriotic interest. The opening paper, by Mr. CHARLES D. DESHLER, illustrated by HOWARD PYLE, shows **How the Declaration was Received in the Old Thirteen.** The Frontispiece to the Number is from Mr. PYLE's full-page drawing, representing the reading of the Declaration to Washington's army.

Mr. JOHN HEARD, Jun., contributes a short story entitled **Captain John,** a very original character sketch, involving a pretty love-story, and at the same time a thrilling account of the duel between British and American ships in the harbor of Fayal, in 1814.

Another article of national interest is **The Growth of the Federal Power,** by Mr. H. L. NELSON, showing especially the influence of the Western States in the development of centralization.

Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS enters the lists as an advocate of "**American Spelling.**"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL's paper on **Marlowe,** the old English dramatist, will be keenly appreciated by all lovers of good literature.

The especial art feature is Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEY's illustrations of Shakespeare's comedy, **All 's Well that Ends Well.** Mr. ANDREW LANG accompanies the illustrations with an interesting comment on the play.

A short story by Mrs. M. E. M. DAVIS, entitled **The Soul of Rose Dede,** displays this remarkable writer's versatile genius in a new field.

Mr. POULTNEY BIGELOW gives a graphic picture of Russian life, especially on **The Czar's Western Frontier.**

Mr. HOWELLS's exquisite novel, **The World of Chance,** is continued; and another delightful chapter of Miss WILKINS's story, **Jane Field,** is given, with a beautiful full-page illustration by Mr. W. T. SMEDLEY.

Mr. R. CATON WOODVILLE, one of the greatest of living artists, contributes an article on **The Capture of Wild Elephants in Mysore,** illustrated from his own graphic drawings. This hunting expedition has a special interest from the participation in it of the late Prince ALBERT VICTOR.

Mr. F. D. MILLET continues his picturesque description of the **Country and People of the Lower Danube,** illustrated from his own drawings and those of Mr. ALFRED PARSONS.

Mr. CYRIL HUMPHREYS-DAVENPORT, F.S.A., contributes an interesting article on **Ancient Gold Work,** illustrated mainly from Etruscan relics.

The Number contains four poems: **Two Moods,** by Mr. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH; **At the Tomb of Juarez,** by Mr. HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH—both illustrated; **A Penalty,** by Miss NINA F. LAYARD; and **Closed,** by Mrs. ELIZABETH STODDARD.

Mr. GEORGE DU MAURIER resumes his full-page cartoons; and, altogether, the Number is one of the richest ever issued for both literary and artistic worth, as well as for its patriotic associations.

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# THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF PAUSANIAS BOGGLETON, PH.D.

## A Sea Tale.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.—ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

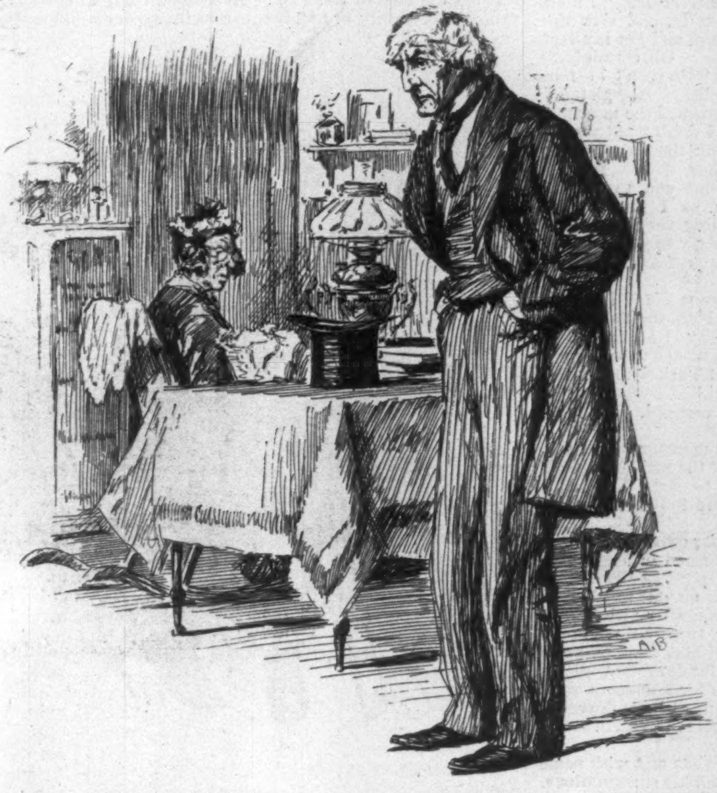
### I.

IT was all too evident to the family and friends of Professor Boggleton, Ph.D., of Pawtucket University, that he stood in great need of a vacation. He had manifestly been overworking himself for at least two years, and now, at the close of the second term of the university year, he had begun to show decided signs of breaking down. He had, for instance, given up his labors on the treatise on the *Scientific Use of the Comma and Abuse of the Semicolon*, upon which work he had been engaged nearly a decade, and had, in place thereof, taken to writing light society verses for the humorous weeklies—verses in which a certain fictitious Daphne bore a more or less prominent part, to the scandalization of the neighborhood and consternation of the professor's wife, Arethusa Boggleton, *nee* Barrowtop, a grandmother in her own right, and a most faithful helpmeet to her learned husband. It hurt the poor woman's feelings almost beyond the power of words to express to see her husband's name signed to such a sentiment as this, for instance:

> "The world were rosy to my troubled heart
> Would lovely Daphne,
> The beauteous goddess of yon village cart,
> But say she'd have me."

Nor were the poor woman's woes lightened when she read in the Poet's Corner of the *Pawtucket Family Friend*—a Journal of To-day, Published every Saturday—such lines as the following, prepared by the professor of his own volition for the Ice Carnival issue of that great journal:

> "When Daphne's skates I strap upon
> My lovely Daphne's feet,
> My heart in mad combustion
> Excessively doth beat;
> And when I place upon her head
> Her soft brown seal-skin cap,
> And note her cheeks suffusing red,
> I care not what may hap.
>
> "But, best of all, when Daphne smiles
> And puts her hand in mine,
> To skate along the ice-bound miles,
> Then life doth seem divine.
> Ah, Daphne, lured by thy sweet grace,
> I could desert thee never,
> And, gazing always on thy face,
> Would skate on thus forever!"



"YOUR HEART MAY BE TRUE TO ARETHUSA, BUT YOUR MIND IS WANDERING."

In fact, it was this "Skating Song," as the professor called it, that capped the climax. Mrs. Boggleton read it with more indignation than the professor had ever deemed her capable of feeling, and re-enforced by the faculty and trustees of the university, who did not consider it compatible with the dignity of the institution to have its Professor of Belles-lettres, Psychology, and Mathematics write himself down as a follower of the Suckling School of Literature, she insisted upon his travelling abroad for his health.

"Your heart may be true to Arethusa," said she, "but your mind is wandering, that is evident. You have applied yourself too closely to work, and you must take a rest."

"Very well," the professor replied. "I think, perhaps, you are right. That perfectly harmless and really tender little song has affected everybody in the way I least expected, and I am quite willing to leave town until it has been forgotten. In fact, I am glad to go. The Senior class behaved in an outrageous manner in class-room this morning, calling me Professor Skates when my back was turned, and somebody, I suspect it was one of the Sophomores, placed a paper chrysanthemum in my inkstand, having a card attached bearing the words, 'With Daphne's love.' It is intolerable, and, worse than all, when I complained to the president, he informed me that I had brought it all on myself."

"Well, the president was right," snapped Mrs. Boggleton. "The idea of a thrice-over grandfather like you writing such silly stuff to an imaginary hussy like that Daphne creature! It's a good thing for her she never was born."

"Now don't get excited and jealous, my love," remonstrated the professor. "You are my Daphne."

"Oh, am I?" sneered Arethusa. "I'd look well skating forever face to face with you, now wouldn't I, you miserable, weak-minded, old—"

"Come now, Arethusa, this is positively unkind," said the professor. "I meant no harm. You should be proud of my work."

"Proud?" cried his wife. "Proud? Pausanias, I am that humiliated I don't dare attend the Dorcas. You write down to New York this very day and secure passage for Liverpool and take a trip, or I'll—I'll leave you, and go back to my daughter."

The professor sighed. He had been very gleeful over the discovery that he possessed poetical talent, and he had counted much upon receiving the plaudits at least of his neighbors and friends, if not of the world at large, and now to discover that his lines only excited derision, and were accepted as evidence of a weakening mind, almost broke his heart.

"It is dreadful to think of," he said, sadly, to himself as he walked home from the university buildings on that sharp crisp afternoon, after the meeting at which the trustees had granted him six months' leave of absence, and a purse of one thousand dollars to spend in travel on the other side. "What a prosaic age this is, to be sure! Herrick would have been made the subject of an inquiry at the hands of a lunacy commission had he lived and written in these days; Shakespeare would have stuck to Stratford and ended his days a poacher had hard fate condemned him to live in this century of alleged enlightenment. Weak mind indeed! If I have the symptoms of weakening mentality, I'd like to know where in the land of ruined intellect they place the mind of Tennyson."

From which it will be seen that in spite of a seriously injured heart, the professor was able to feel a certain amount of indignation which boded well for his recovery.

"I could have flung their thousand dollars into their faces!" he exclaimed to his wife that night, when he had outlined to her the events of the afternoon. "It burns in my pocket as it is."

"Don't do that, Pausanias," returned the good woman. "Fling it into my face, if you will, and I will use a portion of it to restore the pockets it is consuming."

"It strikes me, my dear," said the professor, a little more mildly—"it strikes me very hard, too—that you are unsympathetic."

"No, Pausanias; but I am too old to be indulgent to your failings," Arethusa answered. "I must confess that I think the trustees quite right in requesting you to take a rest, and most liberal in furnishing you with the means to do so. When a man of your age and standing in the community takes to writing verses that might well be collected afterwards in a blue and gold covered book bearing the title of *Ditties to Daphne*, it is quite time he disappeared for a short period; nor can he reasonably find fault with the grandmother of his grandchildren for failing to sympathize with him in his Daphnomania."

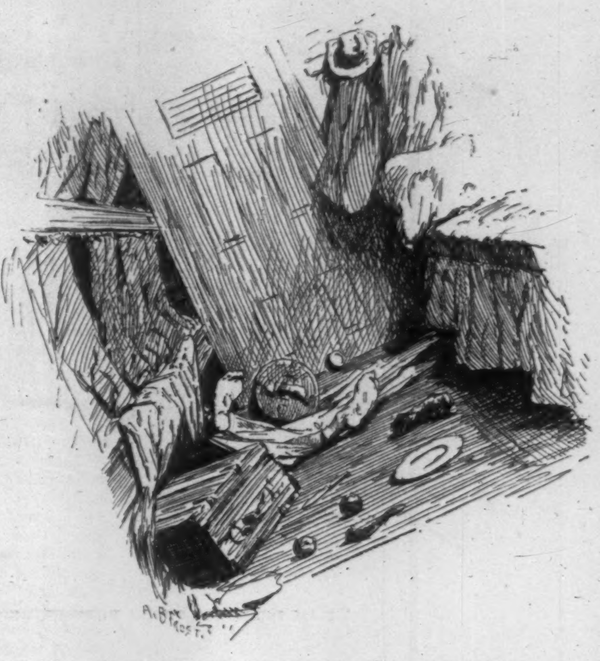
"Et tu, Arethusa?" said the professor, reproachfully. "Then let it be so. I shall go abroad at once. Can you be ready by Wednesday next? The royal mail steamer *Arcadia* sails for Liverpool at 3 P.M. on that day."

"I? I be ready, Pausanias?" retorted Mrs. Professor Boggleton, as the *Pawtucket Family Friend* called the good lady. "I'd look well crossing the Atlantic at my time of life! I guess not. Leave such goings on to young women and overworked doctors of philosophy, say I. Why, Pausanias, do you know what people would say if I went along with you? They'd say I was afraid you might meet that Daphne woman somewhere; that I couldn't trust you out of my sight; that's what they'd say, and that's what I'm not going to give them a chance to say. If I trust you, the public will trust you; and I know of no better way to show the world how much confidence I have in you and how little I am affected by your attentions to that fictitious creature than by letting you have your fling alone. Go, Pausanias. Go and restore the bloom to that fine intellect that won my girlish heart many years ago. It will do you good to be alone, free from cares of every sort."

And it so happened. Professor Boggleton made ready for his departure, and on the following Wednesday night lay prostrate in his berth in state-room No. 710 on the lower deck of the royal mail steamer *Arcadia*, Captain McHawkins, bound for Queenstown and Liverpool.

He was not at all homesick, he was surprised to find. He had no lingering sentiment for Arethusa. The Pawtucket University might never have existed, so lightly did it rest upon his mind. Even Daphne was forgotten, and for a very good reason—the professor was seasick.

"Dear! dear!" he moaned as the vessel pitched, rolled, and shivered. "What a dreadful feeling this is! I had no idea I was such a sick man. And how unfortunate that none of these symptoms should have shown themselves before I left home! I might have brought something with me to alleviate my suf—"

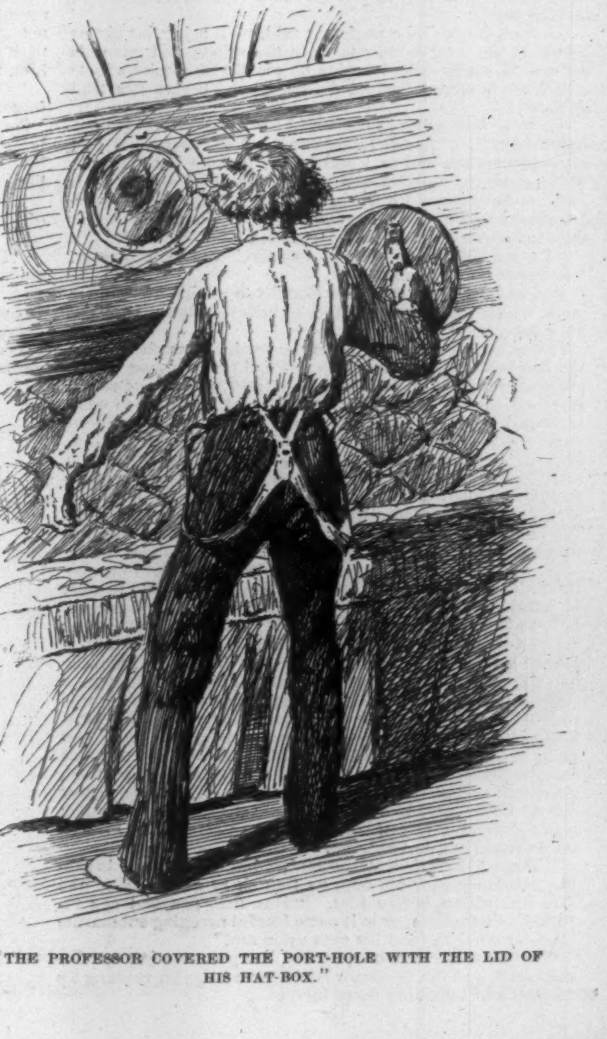


"PERHAPS WE ARE WRECKED," HE GASPED.

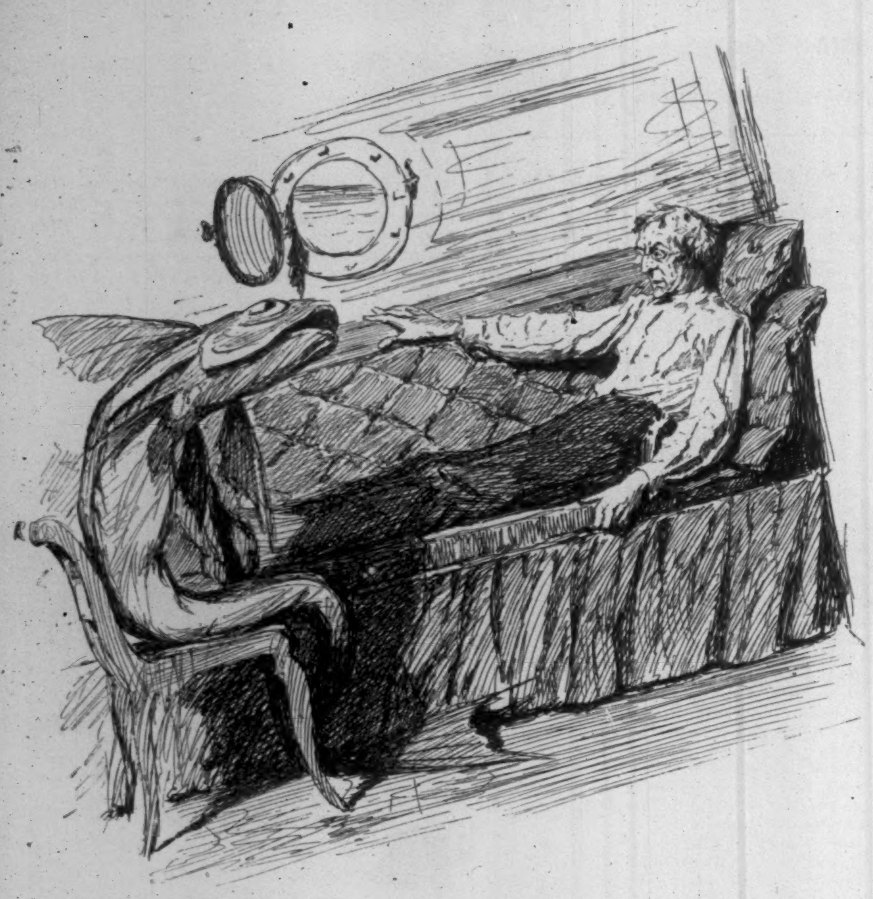
The remark never reached its completion, for at this point the professor was thrown out of his berth by a lurch of the ship, and before he realized that anything had gone wrong, he and his small trunk, his tooth-powder and his hat-box, were mixed up together in an almost inextricable confusion. For a few moments the professor lay still and moaned, then he got up and removed the tooth-powder from his eyes.

"Perhaps we are wrecked," he gasped. "I—oh dear!—I rather h-hope we are;" and then he threw himself back in his berth again, and fastened himself in with a shawl-strap, and went to sleep.

For three days his experiences were on a par with those already mentioned, and then he began to take an interest in life once more—he began to take notice; and at noon, assist-



"THE PROFESSOR COVERED THE PORT-HOLE WITH THE LID OF HIS HAT-BOX."



"I AM DR. HANS LUDWIG RUDESHEIMER."

ed by a steward, whom he was gradually beginning to like, in spite of the nauseating habit the little Englishman had of bringing him a poached egg on a saucerful of hominy every morning, he went up on deck.

What Professor Boggleton saw there I shall not attempt to describe, for those who have crossed the Atlantic are already familiar with every detail of the landscape, if it may so be called, and those who have yet to make the voyage would better come to it, I think, with their minds free from previous hearsay impressions, in order that they may extract from the experience every bit of pleasure it may contain. In my own case there was hardly enough to last over the middle third of the time expended in crossing, at the beginning of which third I, like Professor Boggleton, myself began to take notice of what was going on about me. Suffice it to say that the professor was very pleased with what he saw, and for the first time in his life appreciated how aqueously inclined a divinity Dame Nature is. The salt breezes exhilarated him, and when night came, his confidence in his inner self was so entirely restored that he readily accepted an invitation from a chance acquaintance, a confirmed sea-traveller to whom land legs were more troublesome than sea legs were to the professor, to join him in a Welsh-rarebit before turning in.

"I don't know," the professor said, with a jocular air, as he sat at the long narrow table in the saloon and gave his order—"I really can't imagine how a Welsh-rarebit affects a sufferer from intellectual disorder, but I'll give it a trial anyhow."

"It's the best thing in the world for it," asserted his new-found friend. "It will take your mind off your mind, and set it elsewhere; and as I understand it there is nothing so well calculated to diminish the virulence of dotage, as it were, as diversion. I'll warrant you that if this Welsh-rarebit affects you at all, the trouble will be alimentary rather than intellectual. Make mine a golden buck, steward."

"I think I'll have mine that way too," said the professor, "however that way may be."

And so it was that Professor Boggleton ate his first golden buck, which some persons affect to believe was the cause of his subsequent strange experience.

It was half after eleven when the professor washed down the last forkful of cheese and toast and poached egg with a glass of Apollinaris, and then he retired to his state-room, disrobed, turned off the electric light, and lay down to what he hoped might be sweet dreams. At first he experienced some difficulty in lying flat on his mattress, because the wind, blowing from the east, had caused the vessel to list to such an extent that the walnut side piece of the berth more nearly approximated the point of gravitation than the mattress, and for the same reason the bull's-eye port window of number 710 was deep under water. After ten or fifteen minutes of experiment, however, the mattress was induced to remain fixed upon the side piece in such a fashion as to enable the professor to doze off, although the golden buck, it must be admitted, weighed heavily not only upon his conscience, but elsewhere. At eleven fifty the professor thought he heard a tapping at his port-hole window, but at eleven fifty-five he had satisfied himself that it was the rudder chain he had heard, and Morpheus again claimed him for his own.

Four minutes later the professor once more awoke, this time with a start, and fixed his eyes intently upon the port-hole. He certainly had heard a noise there this time; and then, as the mournful strokes of eight bells sounded upon his ears, he perceived, gazing at him through the thick greenish glass that separated him from the sea itself, a large yellow orb set immovably in a ball of white, at the edges of which was a dark gray rim of something, the professor in his agitation could not decide what.

"Mercy!" he cried, straightening himself up, and brushing his hands over his eyes as though to sweep away the dreadful vision before him. "Has that poached egg returned to haunt me, or is it some fearful ravening submarine monster come to feast his eyes upon me?"

As if in answer to the question, the great staring eye disappeared, and the professor could see a huge fin rubbing up against and knocking upon the glass.

"I hope that is plate-glass," groaned the professor as a lateral section of another eye or poached egg showed itself before the glass, and two great jaws opened and shut on its other side. "I do believe it's a marine monster," he added; and then his heart was chilled, for he could hear a voice out there in the wet, and it seemed to say to him,

"Professor Boggleton—Professor Boggleton, Ph.D.!"

"It calls me by name," cried the professor, in an agony of fear.

"Professor Boggleton, Ph.D., let me in. I wish to speak with you," said the monster.

Here the professor's experience with Sophomores stood him in good stead, and despite his fears he was able to stand his ground in a sarcastic sort of way.

"Oh yes, of course," he retorted. "I'll let you in, and sink the ship, and get my feet wet. Oh, certainly."

"Do-o-on't be foo-oolish, Bog-gleton," returned the monster. "I don't want you to sink the ship or wet your feet: I only want you to let me in, as I have something very important to say to you."

"Send me a cable message," shouted the professor. "You'll find the wires about five miles down."

"It would be the unhappiest day of your life if I did do that, Professor Boggleton," retorted the Fish, shaking one of his fins at the wondering scholar within. "If I were to say all that I have to say to you by cable, it would take the national debt of Great Britain, France, and Turkey to pay the charges, and you'd have to settle the bill."

"Dear me!" returned the professor, amazed. "Important as that, eh?"

"No less so," returned the strange sea monster without.

"Well, I'll tell you what you do," said the professor, with a hysterical laugh. "You swim back to New York, and take a run over to Governor's Island, and tell it to the marines—see?"

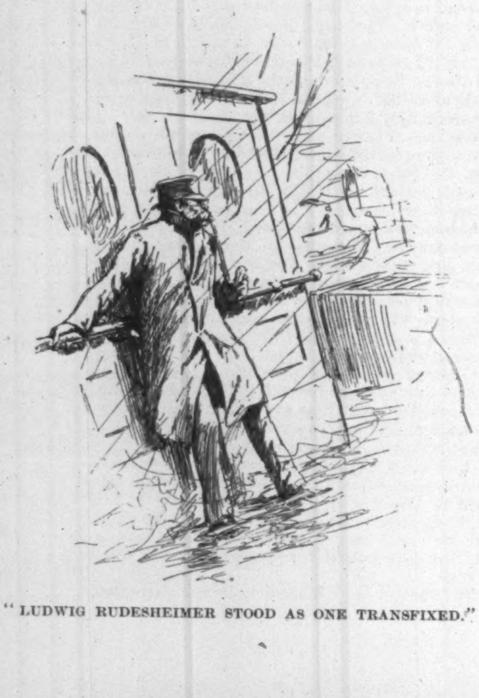
With which bit of sarcasm the professor covered the port-hole with the lid of his hat-box, and turned in again, this time to sleep the sleep of the just.

Whether it was the Welsh-rarebit, his mental trouble, or the exhaustion of excitement over his singular visitor that caused it, no one knows, but it was fully twenty-three hours before Professor Boggleton again opened his eyes; and as he raised himself on his elbow, he had so far forgotten all his recent experiences that his surroundings for a moment were not at all familiar to him. It was not until he endeavored to sit erect, and struck his head on the slats of the berth above him, that he realized where he was.

"Ow!" he cried, as his head and the slats met with some force. "Ah!" he added, as he recognized his surroundings. "It takes a joggle sometimes to loosen the cobwebs in one's brains and set the spider of thought going. Good idea that, by-the-way. Spider of thought after the flies of fancy. I'll have to incorporate that in a po—"

Here the professor stopped speaking. The recollection of his midnight visitor swept over his being, and for an instant stilled the beating of his heart.

"I wonder what that was anyhow," he whispered, apparently addressing his steamer trunk, which ignored the question, as any well-trained trunk should. "Of course," continued the professor, "it means something. It wasn't a dream, because I was not asleep; and besides, there is the cover of the hat-box over the port. Supernatural, of course; perhaps a warning."



"LUDWIG RUDESHEIMER STOOD AS ONE TRANSFIXED."

The professor arose, pressed the electric button, and the room was flooded with light.

"Now I wonder if there is some terrible disaster imminent that could have been averted had I listened to that monster's story? Surely Nature, who never wastes, would play no such prank on me as that without a motive!"

The ship gave a shudder at this point, and listed to the other side, so that the hat-box cover slipped down from the port-hole, and the professor could see the moon shining in the heavens overhead. He sprang to his feet, and rushed to the port, and pressing his face hard against the glass, gazed out at the sea, which was rolling mildly—so mildly, in fact, that despite the notice on the state-room door warning him not to do so, the professor unscrewed and threw open wide the port window.

"The room is unbearably close," he said, as the cold salt air rushed in through the opened port; and then, as he turned back to procure covering for his feet, which were bare, he was drenched from head to foot.

Something had flopped in through the window, and turning quickly to see what that something was, the professor was appalled to see, sitting on his trunk, its fins folded across its breast, and its tail beating a tattoo upon the top of his silk hat, his strange visitor of the night before.

## II.

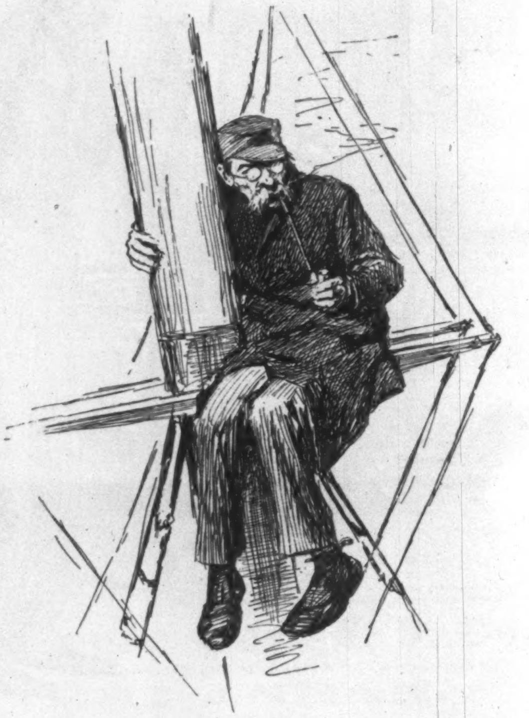
The professor gazed in horror at the intruder for a minute, and then, with a cry of fear, he plunged into his berth head first, and buried his face in the pillows.

"Come, come, Boggleton, old boy," said the Fish, with a smile that took in his gills and showed a very pretty set of teeth, "you don't call this being sociable, do you?"

A groan was the only reply that escaped the professor's lips.

"I'm harmless, Boggleton," said the visitor, again rising, and flopping to the side of the professor's berth, and extending its fin. "Here's my fin on it. Shake!"

Professor Boggleton turned over on his back, and stared up into the face of the Fish. He couldn't tell whether his visitor was smiling or not, because, as the reader well knows, when a fish stands up on end, his mouth is practically on the topmost part of him, and in this instance was, naturally, out of the professor's sight.



"ON ONE OF THE CROSS-TREES, GAZING AT THE OCEAN."

"I suppose I'd better make the best of it," groaned Pausanias, as he gazed at his dripping visitor. "I think you might have worn a rubber bag, though," he added. "You could flop around just as well with a bag on, and then you wouldn't have soaked my clothes and other things the way you have."

"Don't bother about your clothes, Boggleton," said the visitor. "If there is anything in this wide world I detest, it is a man of brains who bothers about dress."

"How would you have me go?" queried the professor. "In a sheet?"

"Sheets were good enough in classic times," returned the Fish. "Togas were nothing else."

"True," assented Professor Boggleton. "But they were all the style then."

"And should be still," asserted the sea monster. "If you men of intellect would only exert yourselves to restore the pristine sartorial glory to mankind, you'd have it all your own way."

"I doubt it," said the professor, rising and staggering over to the sofa.

"It's easily demonstrated that I am right," said the Fish. "The weak always succumb to the strong. The dude, as you land people call him, who is to you what the sardine is to us, sets the style of dress in your country. Why? Because you let him."

"We can't prevent him."

"Then you don't believe in the power of mind over matter?" queried the Fish.

"Certainly I do?" retorted the professor.

"Then you cannot deny that I have succeeded in establishing my Q.E.D. Got any beer?"

"You don't mean to say you drink beer?" said the Professor, in astonishment.

"Rarely," returned the Fish. "We can't get it pure where I live these days. It's always watered, and, as you may have discovered, watered beer is vile stuff.

"No, I have never made the discovery," said the professor. "Because I never drink beer of any sort, only water—fresh water."

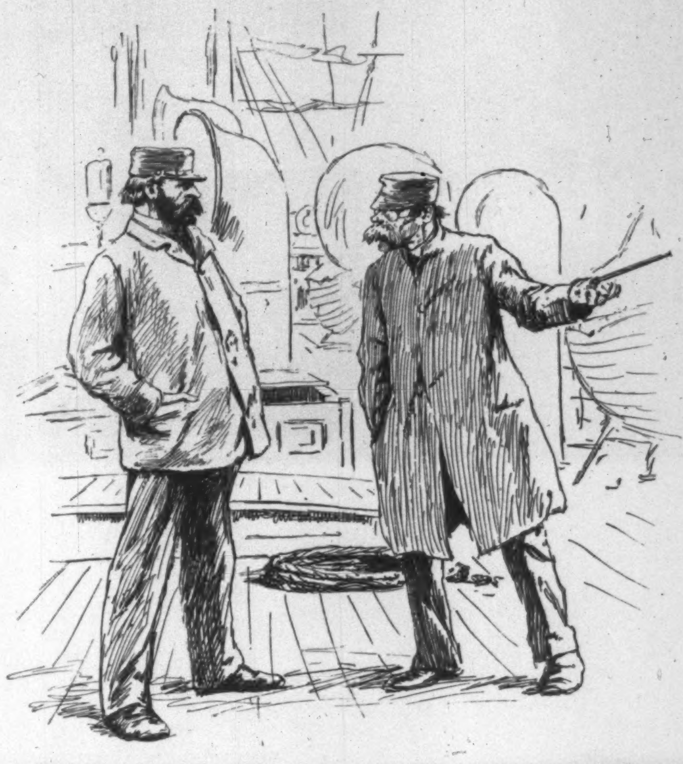
"That's viler still," said the visitor. "Only fit for bathing and minnows. I'm surprised at you. Very much surprised. I don't see how you ever got to your present eminence as a philosopher on water."

"I fail to see what water has to do with the question of philosophy," said the professor.

"Everything," returned the Fish. "Really, Boggleton, you are a mystery to me. Do you mean to say that you never studied the races long enough to know what it is that has made each what each has become? Tut! my dear man. You fill me with weariness."

"Have you a key to yourself?" said the professor.

"No; but I will unwind myself for you without a key. What I mean is this: Beverages make the race. The Frenchmen are light-hearted, dreamy, romantic. What makes them so? Their native drink, absinthe. The Italian is poetic, superficially smooth, and, as a rule, has very little body. Cause, Chianti. Englishmen are heavy, stolid, phlegmatic. What causes it? Bass."


"IF YOU WILL SAIL OVER TO THAT HORIZON ON THE LEFT, I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

"By-the-way," said the professor, "are you a bass?"

"I am not," retorted the Fish, angrily. "I am— But you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Yes, I would," returned the professor.

"Well, don't give it away," whispered the Fish, putting his fin on the side of his nose. "I am an abnormal whitebait."

"Zeus!" cried the professor, smacking his lips. "You make my mouth water."

"Well, cork it up right away," said the Fish, with a smile. "There's no use of its building up expectations based on me. I wasn't born to be eaten by a man who would wash me down with my native element. When I'm served on a table fried with all my friends and neighbors, there will be a bottle of Château Yquem within reach to make death pleasant for me, and don't you forget it. But as I was saying when you got off your mediocre joke about my being a bass, the Englishman is weighty because he's great at drinking weighty stuff. The American's composite nature is due to his cocktails, and the German's essentially philosophical nature comes from his beer. Drink beer if you would philosophize. If you would ruminate, as a cow does without results, drink milk, which is grass in solution. If you would amount to nothing but a good clean citizen of a mediocracy, stick to water. Did you ever get my letter?"

The professor gazed at the intruder in blank amazement, and the Fish repeated his question:

"Did you get my letter?"

"Oh yes, of course," said the professor, with a smile of sarcasm. "All eight of them. One from the Atlantic Ocean, one from the Pacific, two from the Baltic, one from the Indian Ocean, and the postal card from the arctic announcing your engagement to the eldest daughter of the porpoise and the whale. You are an excellent correspondent."

"Professor Boggleton," said the Fish, "I am afraid you are wandering in your mind, or else you are a boor. I ask you a civil question, and get a ridiculous answer like that last remark of yours. What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"I can't really say," returned the professor. "If you are an actually existing creature, I dare say I am all right, and it is Nature who has gone mad. If you are not, I shall cable to my wife to send to my tailor for the latest thing in strait-jackets, and have her meet me on the wharf with it when I return. I never in my life before have had an experience like this, and I can't say I want another."

"You men are very strange," said the Fish. "Why should you be upset by a meeting with me, who am intellectually one of your oldest friends?"

"You?" cried Boggleton. "Excuse me, but if I were not so concerned for my sanity I would laugh. I should indulge in an ecstasy of derision at your remark."

"Put off your derision until you hear my side of this matter, Pausanias," said the Fish, in tones which made the professor start, so strangely familiar were they to his ear. He eyed the Fish narrowly, and requested him to make haste and unfold the tale he had to tell.

"Well, Boggleton," said the monster, reflectively, "when I asked you if you got my letter, I meant exactly what I said. I wrote you a note just three years ago to-night, in which I told you that after twenty-five years of constant unremitting study, I had at last discovered that a reasonable, logical solution of the great question 'What is life?' was beyond my powers to reach."

"You?" cried Professor Boggleton, gazing wildly at his visitor. "You wrote that letter? Absurd! Preposterous! That letter was written by my old friend and Heidelberg classmate, Dr. Hans Ludwig Rudesheimer, of Coblentz."

"Precisely," returned the sea monster, fanning himself with his left fin, because he too found the excitement of the moment somewhat heating—"precisely, Pausanias. I am Dr. Hans Ludwig Rudesheimer."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Boggleton. "Why, poor old Rudesheimer is dead—died an imbecile."

"As I said before," returned the monster, "so I say again, precisely. Rudesheimer died an imbecile because he lost his mind, and thereby hangs a tale—this is the tail," he added, with a smile, holding his bifurcated extremity aloft and shaking it in Boggleton's face.

The professor lay aghast and speechless.

"Yes, sir," continued the visitor; "this is the tale, and I'll translate it for you. Your old friend Rudesheimer, otherwise myself—for I am now Rudesheimer, and am so known to every denizen of the great deep—was a man from whom Nature kept few of her secrets. He had studied her in every form, and had at the time of his collapse nearly reasoned out a theory of existence. He had induced Nature's plan from the present back to within three or four steps of the beginning, and was preparing himself for the last final leap, which would have placed him in a position anterior to the initiation of time, when he broke down, just as you have broken down, only his collapse was due to weighty things—yours to that which can be compared only to the last straw of proverbial history that broke the camel's back. His family insisted that he should travel for his health, and placed him on board a small steamer plying between Antwerp and Constantinople. He was willing to go, because the sea and he were acquainted only in theory. He knew it was there. He knew it was largely made up of salt water. He knew upon what sort of a bottom it rested. He had a fair acquaintance with the sort of fish that lived in it—though I think if he had ever had a premonition of me, he'd have been blessed clear of ever braving the perils of the great deep."

"Excuse me if I say tut! tut!" interrupted the professor. "No man of brains would ever stay ashore because he was afraid of a self-confessed whitebait. Be as abnormal as you please, doctor, but don't be ridiculous."

"I repeat what I said," said the Fish, with quiet dignity. "If I, Hans Ludwig Rudesheimer, had had premonition of myself, the whitebait, I never should have gone to sea, and if you will permit me to finish this tale uninterrupted, you will see why. The professor was a very sick man when he stepped on board the *Vandaamsterdaam*, the good ship to which he and his family had intrusted his safety, in view of which fact the commander was requested to keep a special eye upon him, and was instructed by the owners of the line, at the instance of the scholar's physician, not to cross him in any way, since opposition to his wishes tended to make him nervous and irritable, which was precisely the thing it was necessary for him to avoid. He was comfortably ensconced in the Captain's own room, and was as free to go wheresoever he wished and whensoever he wished as the rats themselves, and he availed himself of his freedom. Physically he appeared to be the very type of health; it was only intellectually that he was weak. As the *Vandaamsterdaam* sailed out of port, the doctor appeared to be the happiest and healthiest man on the boat, so that when, about four in the afternoon, the good ship ran head first into a nasty storm, the Captain did not insist, as he did in the case of all the other passengers, upon his going below.

"All he said was: 'It's going to be a beast of a blow, doctor, and a nasty sea. I'd take to the cabin if I were you.'

"'No,' said the doctor, 'I don't want to do that. I have come to sea not only for my health, but to study Nature. From what I can gather, she is about to enter into one of her grandest moods, and I want to see her at her best. I shall remain on deck.'

"'Very well,' said the old sea-dog, gruffly; 'you'll get your fill of it.'

"And I can tell you, Boggleton, he did," ejaculated the Fish. "It was the worst storm you ever saw. The waves rolled mountain high; the winds shrieked and whistled through the rigging in a symphony of sounds that Wagner himself could not have taken down in short-hand. Now the vessel stood bow down, stern in air; now *vice versa*. I don't believe that for two days the screw was in the water two seconds at a time, and yet through it all Doctor Hans Ludwig Rudesheimer stood as one transfixed. Nothing to him was the groaning and creaking of the stanch timbers of the vessel; nothing to him, apparently, was the howling of the gale; nothing to him was the drenching rain. Several times was he told to go inside, and each time did he refuse, and the Captain, acting under his imperative orders, was compelled against his better judgment to let him stay where he was. Suddenly, when the fury of the storm was at its height, the doctor was seen to clutch his head madly between his two hands and rush headlong up and down the deck as though in chase of something, bringing up at the rail. The Captain's heart stood still. He feared the doctor was about to dash himself into the sea. But it was not so, for after gazing searchingly at the angry waters for a full minute, Rudesheimer turned slowly about and staggered in through the cabin door, down into his state-room, and when, an hour later, an attendant peeped into the room, he saw the doctor lying in his berth deep in slumber, and on his lips there rested a smile that showed he was at peace with the world and with himself.

"The next day broke clear as the tone of a bell, and bright and early was the professor on deck. He was not quite himself, however. He was reticent, and those who addressed him received only a vacant stare for an answer. Toward evening, however, he brightened visibly, but still said naught, until it came time for the Captain to go upon the bridge. Then he said, very quietly,

"'I think I'll go with you.'

"'Better not,' said the Captain. 'It's against the rules.'

"'All right,' returned the doctor. 'That being so, I guess I'll go with you.'

"You see, Boggleton, how embarrassing that was for the Captain," said the Fish. "He had received his orders from the office to let the doctor do whatever he wished—not to cross him at all—and here he was compelled to countenance him in publicly infringing one of the strictest rules of the ship. There was no help for it, and Rudesheimer went on the bridge, where he staid until it came time for the Captain to turn in. The next day Dr. Rudesheimer was missing. The ship was searched high and low, and no trace of him could be found anywhere, until about eight o'clock that night, when a voice was heard up in the rigging asking if the mail had arrived yet. It was Rudesheimer's voice, and investigation showed that from the time he left the bridge with the Captain, Rudesheimer had been sitting up there on one of the cross-trees, gazing at the ocean."

"How strange!" observed Professor Boggleton.

"Very," returned the whitebait. "But not a marker to what happened later. When the Captain heard where the professor had been, he was very wroth, and was about to order him locked up in his state-room, when he recollected his instructions, and so when the professor came down, after being told that the mail had not arrived, he was obliged to content himself with saying,

"'Well, doctor, what do you think of the ocean?'

"The doctor looked at him curiously for a moment, sighed deeply, and replied,

"'Captain, it's the wettest thing I ever saw.'

"That night Dr. Rudesheimer sat up on deck from sunset to sunrise, and when the Captain appeared in the morning, the first sight to greet his eyes was the professor sitting astride of the bowsprit, tearing up papers and casting them to the winds.

"'Good-morning, doctor,' cried the Captain. 'Anything I can do for you this morning?'

"'Yes,' replied the doctor. 'Call a cab. I want to drive ashore.'

"'Witty as ever,' roared the Captain.

"'Captain Ausgespiel,' returned the professor, gravely, 'I never jest. I desire a cab, and if I do not get it, sir, I shall report you to the crew, and then we shall see, sir. The sea is no man's domain; it is the Republic of the world, sir, and if you are not impeached before the sun-sets, it is only because you shall have obtained a cab for me.'

"With these words Rudesheimer clambered back to the deck and went below, and the Captain rushed aft, where he vented his injured feelings upon the cabin-boy, who had not polished up the brasses as well as he might have done.

"'What in Bismarck shall I do now?' he asked himself. 'I can't get him a cab, and yet I am not to cross him.'

"His problem solved itself; for hardly had the question entered his mind, when the professor himself appeared at his elbow.

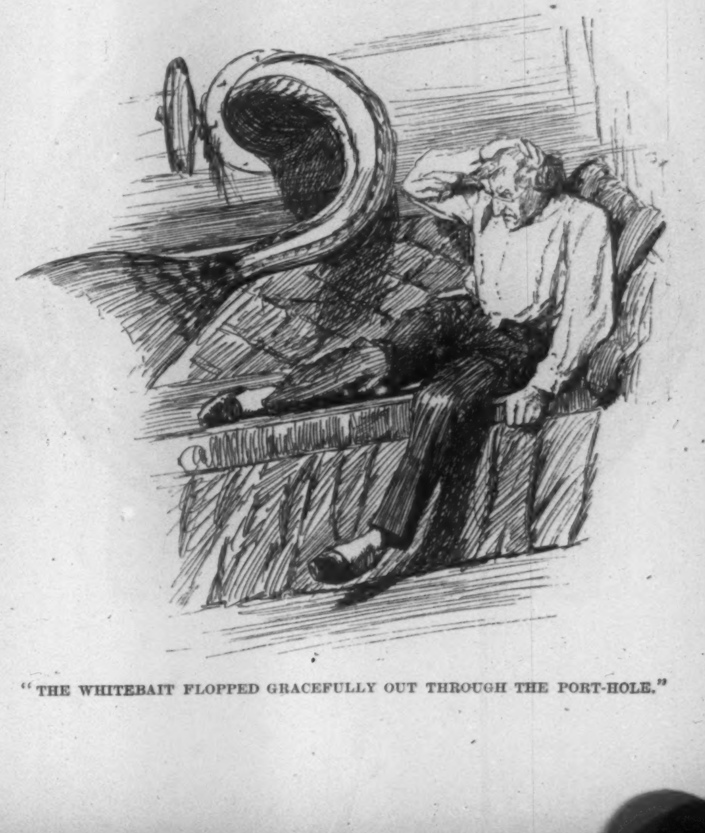
"'Captain Ausgespiel,' he said, 'I am sorry I spoke as I did a moment since. I was hasty, sir. Of course, I should not ask your crew to impeach you on any such trivial grounds as are furnished by your refusal to call a cab for me, though I honestly think your refusing to do so amounts to positive discourtesy. But I'll tell you what I want to do. I am very much interested, Captain, in horizons. I have seen many, sir, but never have I touched one. It occurred to me this morning while sitting there on that fore-spar—'

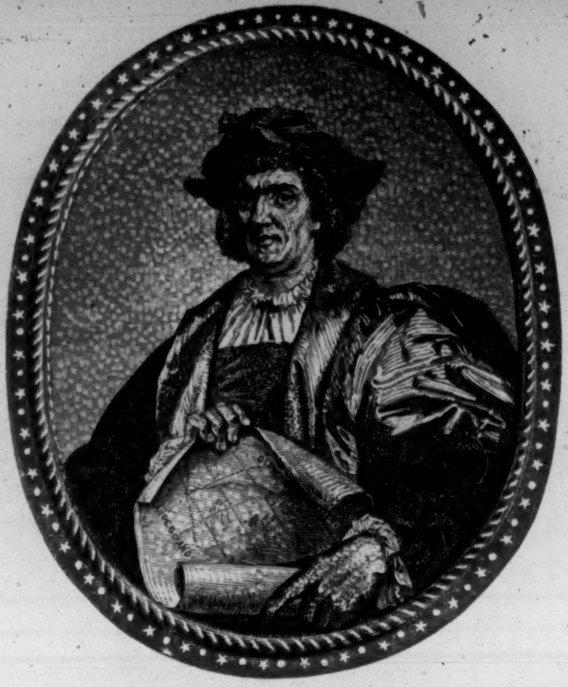
"'You mean the bowsprit, professor,' suggested the Captain.

"'It occurred to me,' Rudesheimer repeated, 'while sitting out there on the fore-spar this morning that I should like to see the horizon close at hand, instead of taking the usual bird's-eye view of it that is so common. That was really why I wished the cab, though I did not say so. Now if you will sail over to that horizon on the left, so that I may inspect it, I shall be quite as well satisfied, though I, of course, cannot forget that when I asked you for a cab, you refused me. Will you do it?'

"'With great pleasure,' said the Captain. 'Though it is a very long way.'

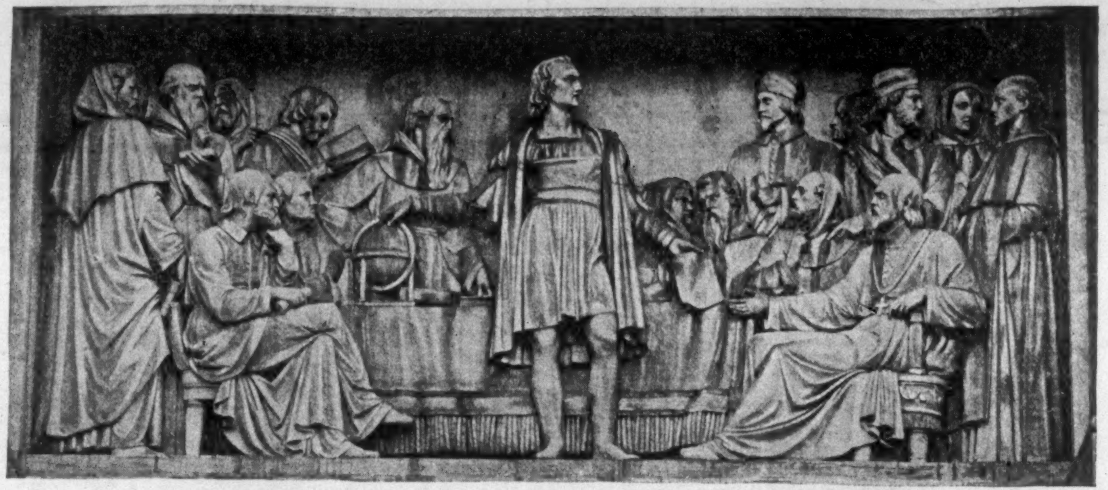
(*Continued on page 622*)


"THE WHITEBAIT FLOPPED GRACEFULLY OUT THROUGH THE PORT-HOLE."

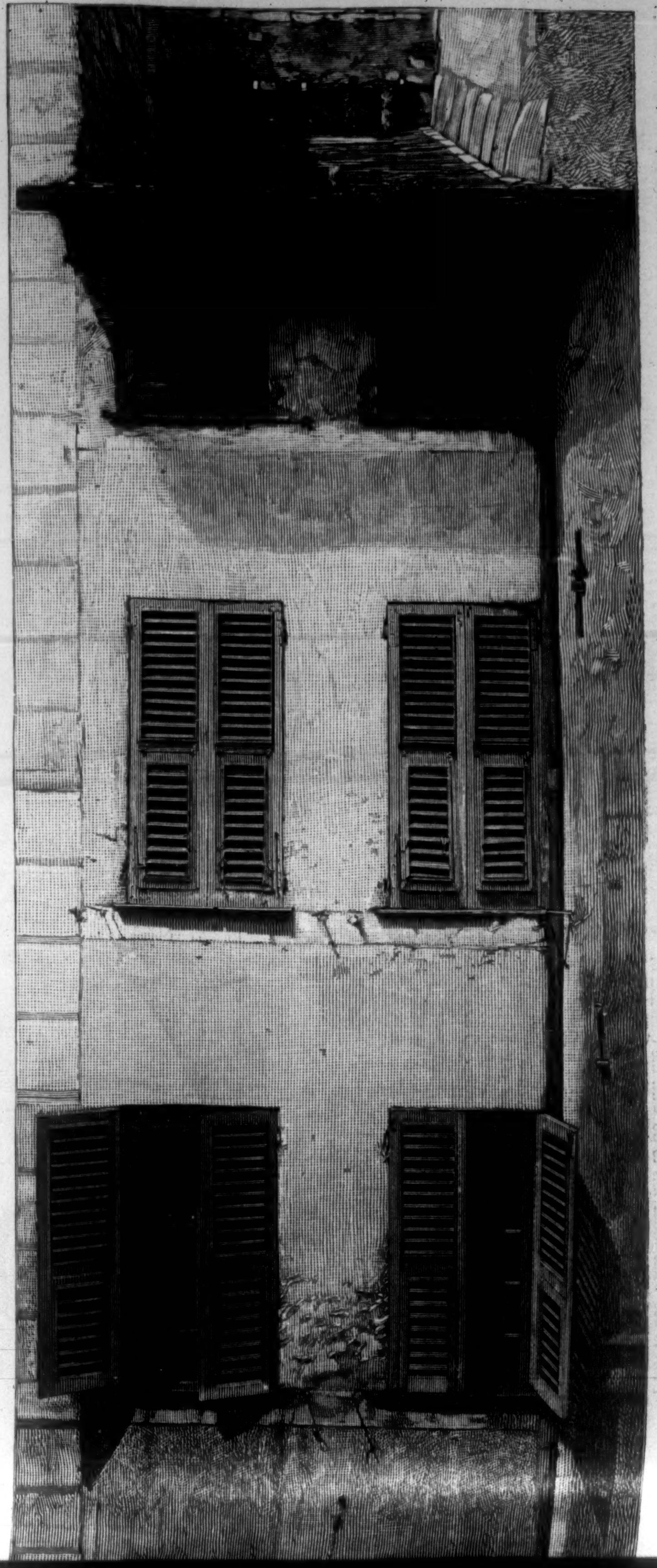


CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—From the Venetian Mosaic in the City Hall, Genoa.

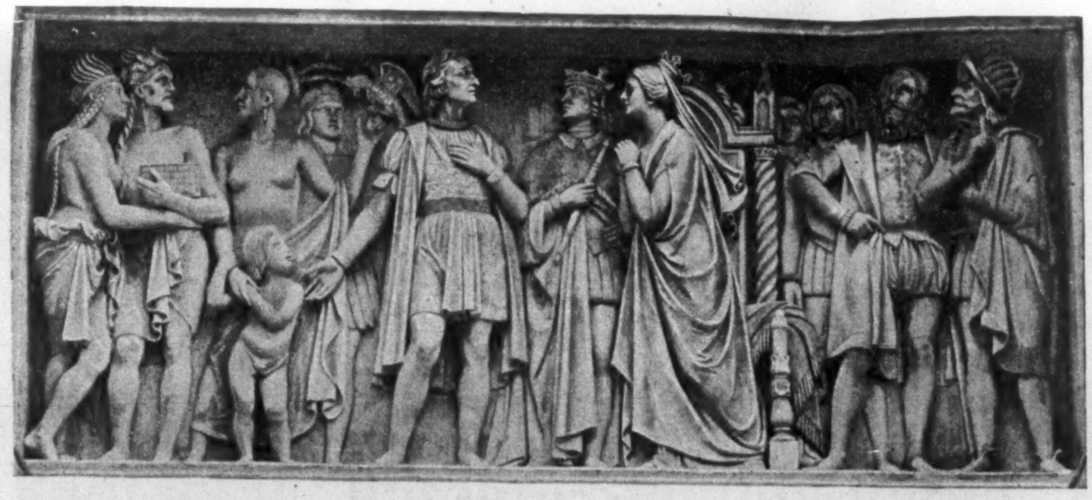
NEW BUST OF COLUMBUS BY BOZZANO.—From the first Photograph taken of it in Terra-Cotta.



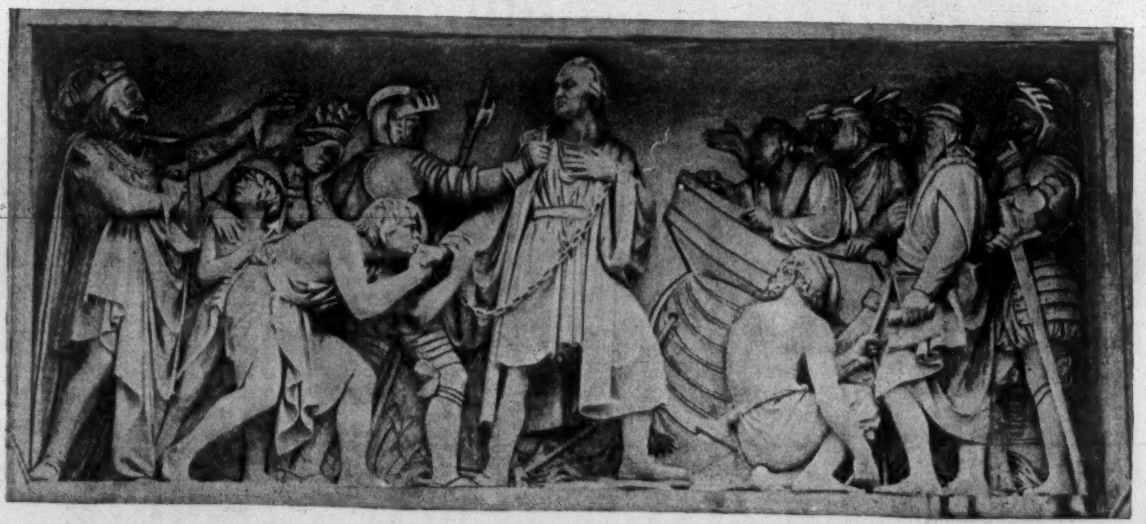
BASS-RELIEF ON BASE OF THE MONUMENT—COLUMBUS AT SALAMANCA.



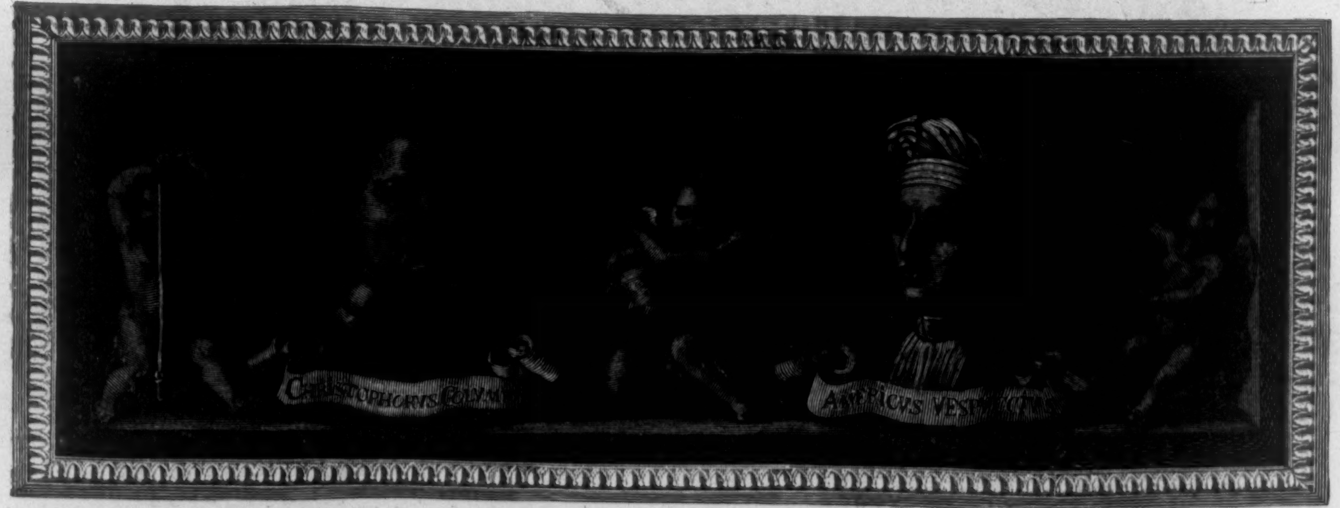
BASS-RELIEF ON BASE OF THE MONUMENT—THE ARRIVAL IN AMERICA.



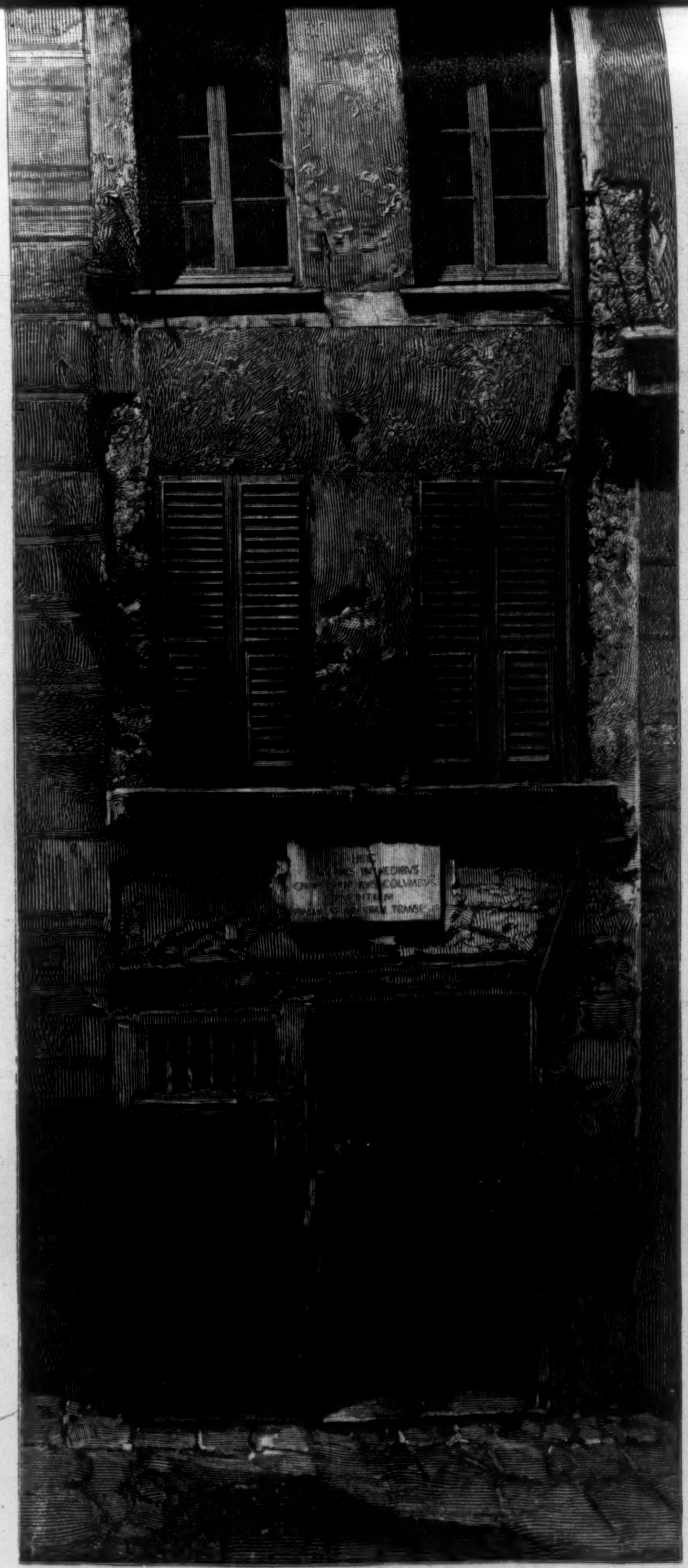
BASS-RELIEF ON BASE OF THE MONUMENT—COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF SPAIN.



BASS-RELIEF ON BASE OF THE MONUMENT—COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.



COLUMBUS AND VESPUCCI.—From a Painting by Giulio Romano, in the City Hall, Genoa.



BIRTHPLACE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, GENOA.

THE COLUMBUS CELEBRATION, GENOA.—From Photographs.—[See Page 606.]

(Continued from page 619.)

"'Not more than fifty miles, Captain,' returned the professor, 'as I can demonstrate mathematically. Let A = the *Vandaamsterdaam* at the bottom of the mainmast; B, a point on the horizon; C, the tip of the mainmast. Construct a triangle having for its apices A, B, and C. Then we shall have three lines—AB, AC, and BC. The line AC will equal the height of the mainmast, say fifty feet; BC, the distance from the top of mainmast to the point on the horizon; and AB, the distance between the base of the mainmast and the point on the horizon. Now it is self-evident that AC is shorter than AB, which, in turn, is shorter than BC, so that we have this: AC : AB : : AB : BC. So, at a rough guess, the line AB is about fifty miles long, which was to be proved. Do we sail?'

"'We do,' said the Captain, 'but unfortunately the horizon in these parts is a pretty good sailer herself, and I'm afraid that with fifty miles start of us we'll have a hard time catching up with her.'

"'As long as you do your best, I shall be satisfied,' said Rudesheimer, as he turned and went below.

"'That settles him,' said the Captain, quietly.

"And that night, as the doctor slept, the Captain had him carried to a state-room 'way forward, where, if he raved, there were none to hear, and locked him up for the balance of the trip. When the *Vandaamsterdaam* reached Constantinople, Dr. Hans Ludwig Rudesheimer stepped ashore an imbecile."

Here the Fish ceased speaking and sighed.

"Well?" queried Boggleton.

"Well, what?" asked the Fish.

"I knew most of this before, but I don't see that it explains your claim that you are Dr. Rudesheimer," said Professor Boggleton.

"How obtuse you are! Is man mind, or is man matter?" sneered the whitebait.

"Mind," returned Boggleton.

"Then I am Rudesheimer, for Rudesheimer lost his mind during that storm when he clutched his head and rushed to the rail."

"And you?"

"I was cruising about just astern of the *Vandaamsterdaam* when that happened."

"Yes."

"And when the professor's mind got loose and left him, I—"

"You—you—"

"Yes, I did. *I got it, and I've had it ever since.*"

With which the whitebait flopped gracefully out through the port-hole into the sea, and was seen no more.

## A "LOOKING BACKWARD" CITY.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THERE has come to me through the mails a circular setting forth the aims of and plans for a co-operative settlement that is the hope and pride of many thoughtful Americans. It is now a great many years since the seed of Fourier's teachings in France led to the communal experiments at Brook Farm and the New Jersey Phalanx. These ventures lived out their days, and the theories which were tested in them were not again the bases of actual trial until within the last few years, when the settlements which were started were thrown into shadow by the extraordinary public interest which was aroused by Mr. Bellamy's popular handling of the subject in a work of fiction. In view of the study of the subject of co-operation which that book engendered, and in view of the trials of its principles which were made by many men who have since won fame or fortune, it is interesting to read such a prospectus as this which has fallen into my hands. It is not necessary to specify where or by whom this newest attempt to make all men equal is under way. The most benefit is that which will be gained by discovering upon what lines the most modern philosophers expect to work the revolution which, as they modestly say, "may serve as a model to a better system of government" for the rest of mankind.

In the first place, every resident of the town or farm land must own at least one share of stock in the corporation. If a share is parted with, it must be sold back to the company, which, as its affairs prosper, will buy in all stock held by non-residents, so that eventually all profit shall enrich the community, and not be sent abroad. As private ownership of land is held to be wrong, the corporation will sell only for actual occupation. On lots thus sold, the corporation will build one of three sorts of dwellings: 1. Isolated homes, surrounded by gardens, but arranged so that four families in such houses may co-operate in the use of a kitchen and laundry common to all, in order that the joint employment of skilled labor may relieve the householders of drudgery. 2. Terrace homes, consisting of blocks of a dozen, two dozen, or four dozen houses. These will have a detached kitchen and laundry in common, and trained persons will visit these houses "to make up and change the rooms," and do all necessary work now performed by ignorant help or housekeepers. 3. Associated homes, modelled upon the plan of the Social Palace at Guise, France.

The terrace homes will be 100 feet deep, each with an interior court and cooling fountain of running water. Flowers and fountains will take up 100 feet behind each house, and will be managed by a gardener at the charge of all the dwellers. In one end of this great garden will be a social hall fitted with billiard and card tables, to afford that pleasure for which the young "are driven to the saloon" and elsewhere. In a complete terrace block there will also be a nursery to relieve mothers of the drudgery of caring for babies. Here babies "even a few days old" are to be cared for The mothers may take them home when they wish to enjoy them; but it is said that babies brought up together are found to be happier, to cry less, and to have their best qualities early developed.

The associated homes will be each a block in size—300 by 600 feet—and cut up into suites and single rooms. From 400 to 600 persons will live in them, each owning his or her room or suite. These will be a refuge for single persons, "in place of the boarding-houses where they now exist rather than live." Each house will contain a library, reception-room, baths, nursery, restaurant, and kitchen, and the owners will enjoy the luxuries of the rich at small cost. Indeed, the mechanic and the artisan will be housed in palaces instead of hovels.

The stores of the people (*i. e.*, the corporation) will be scattered for the greatest convenience to the citizens. Everything will be sold in them; nothing will be adulterated or exorbitantly charged for; there will be no costly advertising; clerks will not need to stand about idly for hours waiting for customers, because the stores will be kept open (excepting the drug departments) only six hours. Pure wines and liquors will be on sale, but there will be no drinking saloons. There will be no boarding-houses, and only such hotels as the corporation may establish. Doctors will be salaried by the corporation, and as sickness will increase their work and not their pay, it will best serve their interests to keep the people well. As the citizens will be charged with the doctors' visits, it will be to their interest to study the laws of health. There will be no lawyers. Every citizen must agree to submit his troubles to a court of arbitration, and abide by its decision. In criminal cases neither lawyers nor the power of money will save a wrong-doer from punishment. There will be opportunity to appeal to a vote of all the people where a sentence is regarded as unjust.

"As religion is not a truth possessed, but a result sought," and belongs to the individual and not to the corporation, no land will be devoted to purely religious purposes. The whole co-operative city will be a church, we are told, and since sects narrow persons, there will be none. As eclectics, the people will insist that if any member discovers how a good act may be done, he or she must write to the people through the newspaper. There will be but one paper, and that will encourage free thought and free speech by printing absolutely everything to which any citizen puts his or her name for publication. As the theatre is next to the school as an educator, one of the first buildings to be erected will be a theatre and public hall. Coins of metal will be replaced as far as possible by paper units of value issued by the corporation. Metals will be reserved for the payment of the difference between the imports and exports. There will be one bank. Gambling, lotteries, and questionable occupations of men and women will not be permitted. Offenders of this rule will forfeit their stock, the price will be refunded, and they will be exiled. A part of the common profits will be set aside as a poor fund. The corporation will be a guardian to the orphans and dependents, rest for the aged will be secured by a system of insurance, and no one need hesitate to spend all his income in providing comforts for his family.

"Labor will here hire capital," and "the laborer will, in the course of time, be the capitalist." All labor will share the profits of its productions. No man will employ another. All must be employed and paid through the Department of Employment. "Women will receive equal pay with men for equal work." They will have a voice in the government, and be eligible for any office. Early marriages will be encouraged, though women will be so independent that no one will feel obliged to wed. The running of street cars, the sale of water and gas, and all life and fire insurance will be managed by the corporation. Half the revenue of the corporation will be distributed among the stockholders, and half will be used in lieu of taxation. The business of government will be managed by departments manned by the stockholders "as they are attracted by natural liking."

## THE OLD TOWN-HALL.

I GUESS I'm too old-fashioned to get used to city ways,
And the very things I like best ain't much thought of nowadays;
For the world has grown away from all the things I thought so good.
But for me—I'd not forget 'em; never, even if I could.
And there often have been moments when a-looking through the glass
At the mimic kings and princes there across the line of gas,
I have thought, despite the splendor of their silks, I'd give 'em all
Just to laugh with "Sample Switchel" in the old town-hall.

Maybe I am not a critic, but that old dramatic club
Playing *Ten Nights in a Bar-room* would give Jefferson a rub—
Leastwise that is my impression; and it always seemed, you know,
That Dan Wyatt was a triumph coming on as "Drunkard Joe";
And Bruce Compton—now you tell me where you'll find a man that played
Half as well the miller landlord as *he* used to "Simon Slade."
In that act when he kills "Mary" and they make the curtain fall,
He came mighty near a lynching in the old town-hall.

There was Charlie Stone, who clerked for Kirby, Greenawalt, & Payne,
Who was just about the finest man who ever did "Romaine";
And May Cook, who played "Miss Cartwright"—why, I want to tell you, sir,
It was worth the price to see George Guthrie making love to her.
Long Tom Hadley, who had brought her, got so mad he couldn't speak
Every time that "Sample Switchel" had to kiss her on the cheek;
But it made us laugh the louder, and we gave 'em a recall,
Just to make Tom Hadley jealous in the old town-hall.

"Mary Morgan" was Dan Wyatt's little daughter. I forget
What her name was, but her acting makes me kind of saddish yet,
For she seemed a little angel in that part there where she died;
And for me I will acknowledge I just blubbered out and cried
Like she was my little Jinny, and I seemed to feel the grief
Coming to the "Morgan" family from the "Sickle and the Sheaf"
(Which was marked out by Milt Woodard on a big sheet—doors and all),
But it made a right good tavern in the old town-hall.

Yes, oh yes, 'twas very simple, but our simple-hearted ways
Were much better than the fever of the present style of plays.
There's "Camille," and Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Potter, and the rest;
Mrs. Langtry, Leslie Carter, and a few more scanty dressed
Women with their high-class acting, but I rather like to look
Back to Wyatt's little daughter and to her who *was* May Cook,
For she married Long Tom Hadley, who was more than six feet tall,
And the handsomest young fellow in the old town-hall.

CARL SMITH.

## CAPT'N DAVY'S HONEY-MOON.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEEMSTER," "THE SHADOW OF A CRIME," "SHE'S ALL THE WORLD TO ME," ETC.

### CHAPTER IX.

AT half past seven that night the iron pier was a varied and animated scene. A band was playing a waltz on the circle at the end; young people were dancing, other young people of both sexes were promenading, lines of yet younger people, chiefly girls in short frocks, but with the wagging heads and sparkling eyes of one type of budding maidenhood, were skipping along arm in arm, singing snatches of the words set to the waltz, and beating a half-dancing time with an alternate scrape and stroke of the soles of their shoes upon the wood floor on which they walked. The odor of the brine came up from below and mingled with the whiffs of Mona Bouquet that swept after the young girls as they passed, and with the puffs of tobacco smoke that enveloped the young men as they dawdled on. Sometimes the revolving light of the light-ship in the channel could be seen above the flash and flare of the pier lamps, and sometimes the dark water under-foot gleamed and glinted between the open timbers of the pier pavement, and sometimes the deep rumble of the sea could be heard over the clash and clang of the pier band.

Lovibond was there, walking to and fro, feeling himself for the first time to be an old fellow among so many younger folks, watching the clock, counting the minutes, and scanning every female form that came alone with the crink-crank-crick through the round stile of the pay-gate. Not until five minutes to eight did the right one appear, but she made up for the tardiness of her coming by the animation of her spirits.

"I couldn't get away sooner," whispered Jenny. "She watched me like a cat. She'll be out in the grounds by this time. It's delicious! But is he coming?"

"Trust him," said Lovibond.

"Oh dear, what a meeting it will be!" said Jenny.

"I'd love to be there," said Lovibond.

"Umph! Would you? Two's company, three's none. You're just as well where you are," said Jenny.

"Better," said Lovibond.

The clock in the tower struck eight.

"Eight o'clock," said Lovibond. "They'll be flying at each other's eyes by this time."

"Eight o'clock, twenty seconds," said Jenny. "And they'll be lying in each other's arms by now."

"Did she suspect?" said Lovibond.

"Of course she did," said Jenny. "Did he?"

"Certainly," said Lovibond.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Jenny. "It's wonderful how far you can fool people when it's to their interest to be fooled."

"Wonderful," said Lovibond.

They had walked to the end of the pier. The band was playing

"Ben-my-chree!
Sweet Ben-my-chree,
I love but thee, sweet Mona."

"So our little drama is over, eh?" said Jenny.

"Yes, it's over," said Lovibond.

Jenny sighed. Lovibond sighed. They looked at each other and sighed together.

"And these good people have no further use for us?" said Jenny.

"None," said Lovibond.

"Then I suppose we've no further use for each other?" moaned Jenny.

"Eh?" said Lovibond.

"Tut!" said Jenny, and she swung aside.

"Mona, sweet Mona,
I love but thee, sweet Mona."

"There's only one thing I regret," said Lovibond, inclining his head towards Jenny's averted face.

"And pray what's that?" said Jenny, without turning about.

"Didn't I tell you that Capt'n Davy had taken two berths in the Pacific steamer to the west coast?" said Lovibond.

"Well?" said Jenny.

"That's ninety pounds wasted," said Lovibond.

"*What* a pity!" sighed Jenny.

"Isn't it?" said Lovibond. His left hand was fumbling for her right.

"If she were any other woman, she might be glad to go still," said Jenny.

"And if he were any other man, he would be proud to take her," said Lovibond.

"Some woman without kith or kin to miss her—" began Jenny.

"Yes; or some man without anybody in the world—" began Lovibond.

"Now, if it had been *my* case—" said Jenny, wearily.

"Or mine," said Lovibond, sadly.

Each drew a long breath.

"Do you know, if I disappeared to-night, there's not a soul—" said Jenny, sorrowfully.

"That's just my case, too," interrupted Lovibond.

"Ah!" they said together.

They looked into each other's eyes with a mournful expression, and sighed again. Also their hands touched as their arms hung by their sides.

"Ninety pounds! Did you say ninety? Two berths?" said Jenny. "What a shocking waste! Couldn't somebody else use them?"

"Just what I was thinking," said Lovibond; and he linked the lady's arm through his own.

"Hadn't you better get the tickets from Capt'n Davy, and—and give them to somebody before it is too late?" said Jenny.

"I've got them already. His boy Quarrie was keeping them," said Lovibond.

"How thoughtful of you, Jona—I mean Mr. Lovi—"

"Je—Jen—"

"Ben-my-chree!
Sweet Ben-my-chree,
I love but thee—"

"Oh, Jonathan!" whispered Jenny.

"Oh, Jenny!" gasped Jonathan.

They were on the dark side of the round house. The band was playing behind them; the sea was rumbling in front. There was a shuffle of feet, a sudden rustle of a dress. The lady glanced to the right; the gentleman looked to the left; and then for a fraction of an instant they were locked in each other's arms.

"Will you go back with me, Jenny?"

"Well," whispered Jenny. "Just to keep the tickets from wasting—"

"Just that," whispered Lovibond.

Three-quarters of an hour later they were sailing out of Douglas Harbor on board the Irish packet that was to overtake the Pacific steamship next morning at Belfast. The lights of Castle Mona lay low on the water's edge, and from the iron pier as they passed came the faint sound of the music of the band:

"Mona, sweet Mona,
Fairest isle beneath the sky,
Mona, sweet Mona,
We bid thee now good-by."

## CHAPTER X.

THE life that Davy had led that day was infernal. At the first shaft of Lovibond's insinuation against Mrs. Quiggin's fidelity he had turned sick at heart. "When he said it," Davy had thought, "the blood went from me like the tide out of the Ragged Mouth, where the ships lie wrecked and rotten."

He had baffled with his bemuddled brain to recall the conversation he had held with his wife since his return home to marry her, and every innocent word she had uttered in jest had seemed guilty and foul. "You've been nothing but a fool, Davy," he told himself. "You've been tooken in."

Then he had reproached himself for his hasty judgment. "Hould hard, boy—hould hard; aisy for all, though—aisy, aisy!" He had remembered how modest his wife had been in the old days—how simple and how natural. "She was as pure as the mountain turf," he had thought, "and quiet extraordinary." Yet there was the ugly fact that she had appointed to meet a strange man in the gardens of Castle Mona that night alone. "Some charm is put on her—some charm or the like," he had thought again.

That had been the utmost and best he could make of it, and he had suffered the torments of the damned. During the earlier part of the day he had rambled through the town, drinking freely, and his face had been a piteous sight to see. Towards nightfall he had drifted past Castle Mona towards Onchan Head, and stretched himself on the beach before Derby Castle. There he had reviewed the case afresh, and asked himself what he ought to do.

"It's not for me to go sneaking after her," he had thought. "She's true, I'll swear to it. The man's lying. . . . Very well, then, Davy, boy, don't you take rest till you're proving it."

The autumn day had begun to close in, and the first stars to come out. "Other women are like yonder," he had thought; "just common stars in the sky, where there's millions and millions of them. But Nelly is like the moon—the moon, bless her!"

At that thought Davy had leapt to his feet in disgust of his own simplicity. "I'm a fool!" he had muttered; "a reg'lar ould bleating billy-goat, talking pieces of poethry to myself like a stupid, gawky Tommy Big Eyes."

He had looked at his watch. It was a quarter to eight o'clock. Unconsciously he had begun to walk towards Castle Mona. "I'm not for misdoubting my wife, not me; but then, a man may be over-certain. I'll find out for myself; and if it's true, if she's there, if she meets him— Well, well, be aisy for all, Davy; be aisy, boy—be aisy! If the worst comes to the worst, and you've got to cut your stick, you'll be doing it without a heartache anyway. She'll not be worth it, and you'll be selling yourself to the divil with a clane conscience. So it's all serene either way, Davy, my man; and here goes for it."

Meanwhile Mrs. Quiggin had been going through similar torments. "I don't blame *him*," she had thought. "It's that mischief-making hussy. Why did I ask her? I wonder what in the world I ever saw in her! If I were not going away myself, she should pack out of the house in the morning. The sly thing! How clever she thinks herself, too! But she'll be surprised when I come down on her. I'll watch her; she sha'n't escape me. And as for *him*—well, we'll see, Mr. David—we'll see!"

As the clock in the hall in Castle Mona was striking eight, these good souls in these wise humors were making their several ways to the waterfall under the cliff, in the darkest part of the hotel grounds.

Davy got there first, going in by the gate at the Onchan end. It struck him with astonishment that Lovibond was not there already. "The man bragged of coming, but I don't see him," he thought. He felt half inclined to be wroth with Lovibond for daring to run the risk of being late. "I know some one who would have been early enough if he had been coming to meet with somebody," he thought.

Presently he saw a female form approaching from the thick darkness at the Douglas end of the house. It was a tall figure in a long cloak, with the hood drawn over the head. Through the opening of the cloak in front a light dress beneath gleamed and glinted in the brightening starlight. "It's herself," Davy muttered, under his breath. "She's like the silvery fir-tree with her little dark head agen the sky. Trust me for knowing her! I'd be doing that if I was blind. Yes, would I, though, if I was only the grass under her feet, and she walked on me. She's coming! My God, then, it's true! It's true, Davy! Hould hard, boy! She's a woman for all! She's here! She sees me! She thinks I'm the man!"

In the strange mood of the moment he was half sorry to take her by surprise.

Davy was right that Mrs. Quiggin saw him. While still in the shadow of the house she recognized his dark figure among the trees. "But he's alone," she thought. "Then the hussy must have gone back to her room when I thought she slipped out at the porch. He's waiting for her. Should I wait too? No. That he is there is enough. He sees me. He is coming. He thinks I am she. Umph! Now to astonish him!"

Thus thinking, and both trembling with rage and indignation, and both quivering with love and fear, the two came face to face.

But neither betrayed the least surprise.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, if I'm not the man," faltered Davy.

"It's a pity, sir, if I'm not the woman," stammered Nelly.

"Hope I don't interrupt any tertertatie," continued Davy.

"I trust you won't allow *me*—" began Nelly.

And then, having launched these shafts of impotent irony in vain, they came to a stand with an uneasy feeling that something unlooked for was amiss.

"What d'ye mane, ma'am?" said Davy.

"What do *you* mean, sir?" said Nelly.

"I mane that you're here to meet with a man," said Davy.

"I?" cried Nelly. "I? Did you say that I was here to meet—"

"Don't go to deny it, ma'am," said Davy.

"I do deny it," said Nelly. "And, what's more, sir, I know why you are here. You are here to meet with a woman."

"Me! To meet with a woman? Me!" cried Davy.

"Oh, *you* needn't deny it, sir," said Nelly. "Your presence here is proof enough against you."

"And *your* presence here is proof enough agen *you*," said Davy.

"You had to meet her at eight," said Nelly.

"That's a reg'lar bluff, ma'am," said Davy, "for it was at eight you had to meet with *him*."

"How dare you say so?" cried Nelly.

"I had it from the man himself," said Davy.

"It's false, sir, for there *is* no man; but I had it from the woman," said Nelly.

"And did you believe her?" said Davy.

"Did *you* believe *him?*" said Nelly. "Were you simple enough to trust a man who told you that he was going to meet your own wife?"

"He wasn't for knowing it was my own wife," said Davy. "But were *you* simple enough to trust the woman who was telling you she was going to meet your own husband?"

"She didn't know it was my own husband," said Nelly. "But that wasn't the only thing she told me."

"And it wasn't the only thing *he* tould *me*," said Davy. "He tould me all your sacrets—that your husband had deserted you because he was a brute and a blackguard."

"I have never said so," cried Nelly. "Who dares to say I have? I have never opened my lips to any living man against you. But you are measuring me by your own yard, sir; for you led *her* to believe that I was a cat and a shrew and a nagger and a thankless wretch, who ought to be put down by the law just as it puts down biting dogs."

"Now, begging your pardon, ma'am," said Davy, "but that's a damned lie, whoever made it!"

After this burst there was a pause and a hush, and then Nelly said, "It's easy to say that when she isn't here to contradict you; but wait, sir, only wait."

"And it's aisy for you to say yonder," said Davy, "when he isn't come to deny it; but take your time, ma'am—take your time."

"Who is it?" said Nelly.

"No matter," said Davy.

"Who is the man?" demanded Nelly.

"My friend Lovibond," answered Davy.

"Lovibond!" cried Nelly.

"The same," groaned Davy.

"Mr. Lovibond!" cried Nelly again.

"Aw—keep it up, ma'am; keep it up!" said Davy. "And manewhile, if you plaze, who is the woman?"

"My friend Jenny Crow," said Nelly.

Then there was another pause.

"And did she tell you that I had agreed to meet her?" said Davy.

"She did," said Nelly. "And did *he* tell *you* that I had appointed to meet *him?*"

"Yes, did he," said Davy. "At eight o'clock, did she say?"

"Yes, eight o'clock," said Nelly. "Did *he* say eight?"

"He did," said Davy.

The loud voices of a moment before had suddenly dropped to broken whispers. Davy made a prolonged whistle.

"Stop!" said he. "Haven't you been in the habit of meeting him?"

"I have never seen him but once," said Nelly. "But haven't *you* been in the habit of meeting *her?*"

"Never set eyes on the little skute but twice altogether," said Davy. "But didn't he see you first in St. Thomas's, and didn't you speak with him on the shore?"

"I've never been in St. Thomas's in my life," said Nelly. "But didn't you meet her first on the Head above Port Soderick, and to go to Laxey, and come home with her in the coach?"

"Not I," said Davy.

"Then the stories she tould me of the Manx sailor were all imagination, were they?" said Nelly.

"And the yarns *he* told *me* of the girl in the church were all make-ups, eh?" said Davy.

"Dear me, what a pair of deceitful people!" said Nelly.

"My gough! what a couple of cuffers!" said Davy.

There was another pause, and then Davy began to laugh. First came a low gurgle like that of suppressed bubbles in a fountain, then a sharp crackling breaker of sound, and then a long deep roar of liberated mirth that seemed to shake and heave the whole man, and to convulse the very air around him.

Davy's laughter was contagious. As the truth began to dawn on her, Mrs. Quiggin first chuckled, then tittered, then laughed outright, and at last her voice rose behind her husband's in clear trills of uncontrollable merriment.

Laughter was the good genius that drew their asundered hearts together. It broke down the barrier that divided them; it melted the frozen places where love might not pass. They could not resist it. Their anger fled before it like evil creatures of the night.

At the first sound of Davy's laughter, something in Nelly's bosom seemed to whisper, "He loves me still"; and at the first note of Nelly's, something clamored in Davy's breast, "She's mine! she's mine!" They turned towards each other in the darkness with a yearning cry.

"Nelly!" cried Davy, and he opened his arms to her.

"Davy!" cried Nelly, and she leaped to his embrace.

And so ended in laughter and kisses their little foolish comedy of love.

As soon as Davy had recovered his breath he said, with what gravity he could command, "Seems to me, Nelly vauch—begging your pardon, darling—that we've been a couple of fools."

"Who ever could have believed it?" said Nelly.

"What does it mane at all?" said Davy.

"It means," said Nelly, "that our good friends knew each other, and that he told her, and she told him, and that to bring us together again they played a trick on our jealousy."

"Then we *were* jealous?" said Davy.

"Why else are we here?" said Nelly.

"So you *did* come to see a man, after all?" said Davy.

"And *you* came to see a woman," said Nelly.

They had began to laugh again, and to walk to and fro about the lawn, arm in arm and waist to waist, vowing that they would never part—no, never, never, never—and that nothing on earth should separate them, when they heard a step on the grass behind.

"Who's there?" said Davy.

And a voice from the darkness answered, "It's Willie Quarrie, Capt'n."

Davy caught his breath. "Lord-a-massy me!" said he. "I'd clane forgotten."

"So had I," said Nelly, with alarm.

"I was to have started back for Callao by the Belfast packet."

"And I was to have gone home by carriage."

"If you plaze, Capt'n," said Willie Quarrie, coming up, "I've been looking for you high and low—the packet's gone."

Davy drew a long breath of relief. "Good luck to her," said he, with a shout.

"And, if you plaze," said Willie, "Mr. Lovibond is gone with her."

"Good luck to *him!*" said Davy.

"And Miss Crows has gone, too," said Willie.

"Good luck to her as well," said Davy; and Nelly whispered at his side,

"There! What did I tell you?"

"And if you plaze, Capt'n," said Willie Quarrie, stammering nervously, "Mr. Lovibond, sir, he has borrowed our—our tickets, and—and taken them away with him."

"He's welcome, boy, he's welcome," cried Davy, promptly. "We're going home instead. Home!" he said again—this time to Nelly, and in a tone of delight, as if the word rolled on his tongue like a lozenge—"that sounds better, doesn't it? Middling tidy, isn't it? Not so dusty, eh?"

"We'll never leave it again," said Nelly.

"Never!" said Davy. "Not for a Dempster's palace. Just a piece of a croft and a bit of a thatch cottage on the lea of ould Orrisdale, and we'll lie ashore and take the sun like the goats."

"That reminds me of something," whispered Nelly. "Listen! I've had a letter from father. It made me cry this morning, but it's all right now—Ballamooar is to let!"

"Ballamooar!" repeated Davy, but in another voice. "Aw, no, woman, no! And that reminds *me* of something."

"What is it?" said Nelly.

"I should have been telling you first," said Davy, with downcast head, and in a tone of humiliation.

"Then what?" whispered Nelly.

"There's never no money at a dirty ould swiper that drinks and gambles everything. I'm on the ebby tide, Nelly, and my boat is on the rocks like a taypot. I'm broke, woman, I'm broke."

Nelly laughed lightly. "Do you say so?" she said, with mock solemnity.

"It's only an ould shirt I'm bringing you to patch, Nelly," said Davy; "but here I am, what's left of me, to take me or lave me, and not much choice either ways."

"Then I take you, sir," said Nelly. "And as for the money," she whispered, in a meaning voice, "I'll take Ballamooar myself and give you trust."

With a cry of joy Davy caught her to his breast, and held her there as in a vice. "Then kiss me on it again, and swear to it," he cried. "Again! Again! Don't be in a hurry, woman. Aw, kissing is mortal hasty work. Take your time, girl. Once more. Shocking, is it? It's like the bags of the bees that we were stealing when we were boys. Another! Then half a one, and I'm done."

Since they had spoken to Willie Quarrie they had given no further thought to him; but now they were conscious that a smaller and dumpier figure was standing in the darkness by his side. It was Peggy Quine.

"Are you longing, Peggy?" Willie was saying, in a voice of melancholy sympathy.

And Peggy was answering in a doleful tone, "Aw, yes, though—longing mortal."

Becoming conscious that the eyes of her mistress were on her, Peggy stepped out and said, "If you plaze, ma'am, the carriage is waiting this half-hour."

"Then send it away again," said Davy.

"But the boxes is packed, sir."

"Send it away," repeated Davy.

"No, no," said Nelly; "we must go home to-night."

"To-morrow morning," shouted Davy, with a stamp of his foot and a laugh.

"But I have paid the bill," said Nelly, "and everything is arranged, and we are all ready."

"To-morrow morning," thundered Davy, with another stamp of the foot and a peal of laughter.

And Davy had his way.

THE END.

## THE HALL OF AGRICULTURE.

ONE of the architects of the Columbian Exposition was once told by a friendly critic that his plan was on the scale of a stone coping a block long and five feet high.

"You are in error there, my friend," said the architect, "for my plan is on the scale of a foot-rule set on edge, the round hinge in the middle representing the dome of my building."

The architect was not greatly exaggerating. For while the entire group of buildings will make up a vastly fine array of the noblest architecture grouped by man in his history, the length and width of the buildings will be out of all proportion to their height. In the one case of the main or Manufacturers' Building the example of the foot-rule will hold perfectly—dome and all. One glance at the building itself, if not at the shortened pictures of it, will serve to establish the truth of the comment at once.

The beauty of the building for Agriculture will not suffer in this respect quite as much as the others. This structure (of which the construction of the western face is shown in the picture) is 800 feet in length and 500 feet in width. Now the general cornice line is 65 feet from the ground, but the reliefs, in the way of domes, towers, pavilions, and groups of sculpture all along the borders, will in no trivial fashion assist the flatness of the general plan. All the critics have it that in this design the architects have achieved a real triumph of art. When the composition shall have been completed, when the grand entrances are done, when the mural staff-work is in position, and when the whole study is crowned with its admirably appropriate classic statuary, the extremity to which the length and width, in contrast to the height, has been carried will have been much palliated and apologized for, and the flatness in effect will have been mastered, perhaps, better than in the others.

All the design of the architects is thrown into one story, and, as the technical man would say in looking it over, is bold and heroic. The style presumed is that of the classic renaissance. There are pavilions at the corners of the structure and one in the centre, the latter being 144 feet square. There is a dome back of the leading entrance, of iron ribs and roofed with glass. It measures 130 feet high, and rises over the lobby or rotunda, which measures 100 feet in diameter. The eminent feature of the Agricultural Hall is the grand entrance. This portal is 64 feet in width, and leads directly into the dome-covered rotunda through a gorgeous vestibule. The latter has been designed to embody all that is artistic in paganism so far as Ceres has been concerned in art, and the statuary will be of a very noble order. Indeed, nothing in the way of sculptural beauty will be neglected to render this vestibule a most appropriate and poetic preface to the natural work that will be found in the agricultural exhibits within. The architects have been at some pains to unify their sculpture and architecture with the subject in hand, and the praise for their design has not been stinted. They have gone to the ancients, and have borrowed from them a sweetness, a beauty, an ideality, and a tenderness that are not to be found in the modern masters, for the reason that the moderns have seen nothing in the tilling of the soil or in the significance of the harvest beyond ingenuity of invention or the prices of grain.

In construction, the methods followed in the Hall of Agriculture are similar to those of the other buildings. Latticed wood-work, heavy beams, and staff covering are the elements of the constructure.

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